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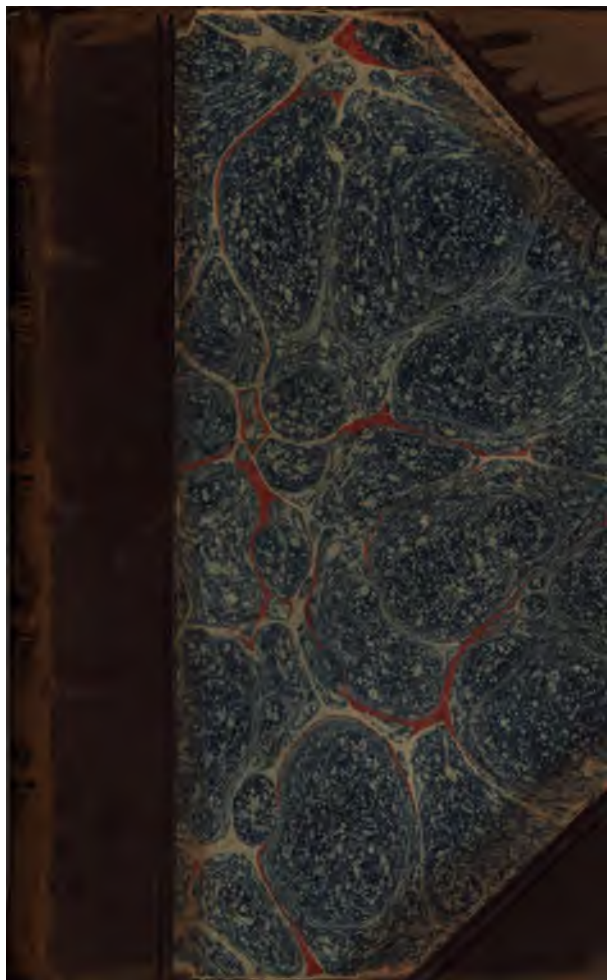
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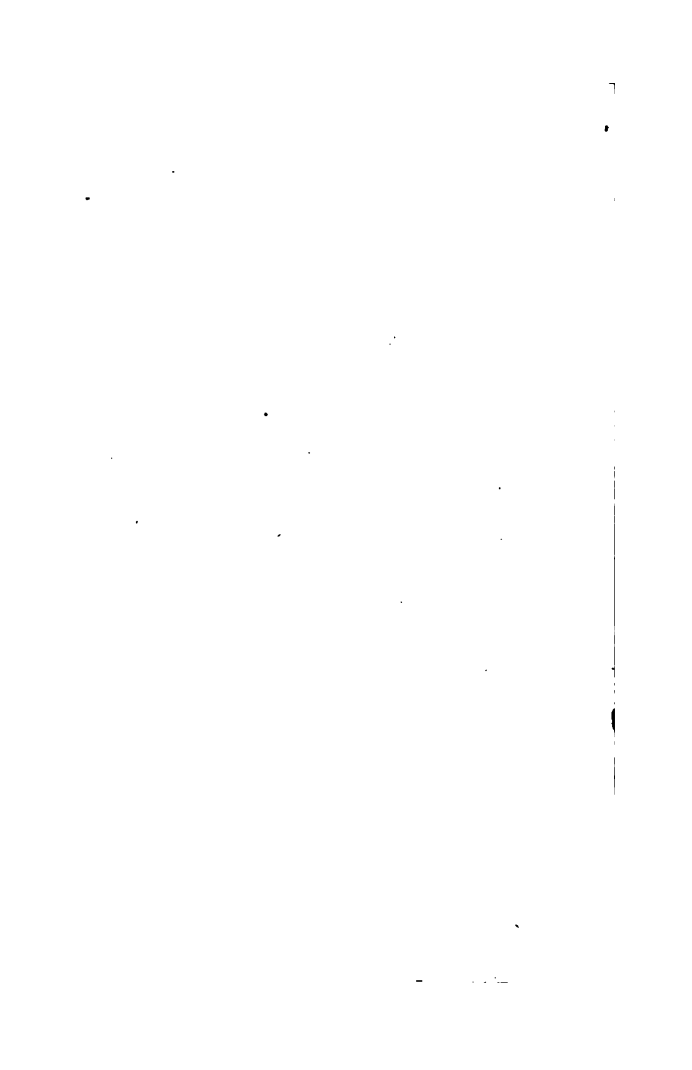


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HORÆ LYRICÆ :
POEMS,
BY
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
WITH
MEMOIR,
BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.



HORÆ LYRICÆ:
POEMS,

SACRED TO
DEVOTION AND PIETY:
TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP:
AND TO THE
MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY
ISAAC WATTS, D. D.
—
WITH
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
BY
ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.
POET LAUREATE.



A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
JOSEPH RICKERBY, SHERBOURN LANE,
KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following MEMOIR of DR. WATTS, the theological opinions of that celebrated person are discussed at considerable length, and his character as a man and a Christian is pleasingly and amply portrayed; his learned biographer, however, is nearly silent respecting the Doctor's claims to attention as a *poet*. For the few remarks on this point, which he has introduced, the Laureate is chiefly indebted to Johnson; there are few readers who would not rather, on such a topic, have been favoured with his own.

Whatever may have been Dr. Southey's reasons for passing so hastily over this portion of his subject, it is chiefly with the produce of its poetical vein that the genius of Watts has purchased its remarkably vivacious popularity; nor is it flattering to the worth of an extensive reputation, to dismiss the poetic character of a writer whose verse has softened the hearts of thousands, and animated many to the pursuit of holiness and virtue, with the negative praise of good intention. That the poems of the admired non-conformist are pious in design, and pure in language, is

surely an eulogium inadequate to his merits. The ardour of Dr. Watts's devotional feelings sometimes carried him into the region of true poetry, the imagery of which his intellectual acuteness enabled him distinctly to contemplate, and his practised skill as a writer clearly to note down. The ODE ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, (page 44,) may be instanced, as one among many pieces in the present volume, in which a powerful fancy, as well as a felicitous diction, is made subservient to the cause of religion.

The public estimate of Dr. Watts, in his character of a poet, rests chiefly on his Hymns. The reader needs only, however, to have perused the stanzas above referred to, or any one of those numerous other Lyrics now before him, by which they are equalled or perhaps excelled, to perceive that this writer has claims to a higher place among English poets, than would be justly due to him merely as the author of those favourite but often feeble compositions. In a period like ours, there would appear to be no sufficient reason, why the superior intellectual value of the present collection should prevent its rivalling the Hymns in extent of popularity—a circumstance to be desired by all who seek the advancement of virtue and piety.—Such are the considerations which have induced the publisher to undertake the present Edition.

It must indeed be admitted that Watts has no claim to be called a great poet. Yet his title to the reputation at-

tached to his name would have appeared much less equivocal to fastidious judgments, but for the wilful carelessness and inequality of his compositions. Many of the pieces included in the *Horæ Lyricæ* are effusions of the Author's youth, abounding in the faults as well as the excellencies of young writers of genius: it is to be lamented, that when he resolved to give them to the world, he was either too indifferent or too self-indulgent to bestow on them that correction which they required, and would have repaid.

The publisher of this Edition hopes to be acquitted of presumption, if in preparing it for the press, he has in some degree attempted to remedy that neglect. Several poems which have a place in former Editions, he has wholly omitted. He has also struck out from those which are retained, various passages, differing in length from several stanzas or paragraphs, to a single line, which, it appeared to him, would, in the present day, impede the favourable reception, and consequently impair the usefulness, of the work. This liberty of omission has been more especially used in the second book, for reasons which are explained in the note, page 66. A larger stretch of that editorial authority which he considered himself free to employ for the benefit, as he judged it, of the reader, remains to be mentioned: viz. the change, in a very few instances, of a word or phrase, for the purpose of avoiding expressions too coarse for modern taste, or in order to correct a solecism in grammar. The Supplement containing translations of the Latin poems, has

been entirely omitted. Some specimens of the Latin poems themselves are, nevertheless, preserved for the gratification of learned readers; who will find them by no means less free in style, less spirited and poetical, than their companions in the vernacular tongue.

The subordinate labour of punctuation, hitherto wholly neglected, has been carefully performed. Respecting the general typographical appearance of the work, it is unnecessary to speak. In short, it has been the endeavour of the publisher to furnish the public with an Edition of the *SELECT LYRIC POEMS* of *DR. WATTS*, every way worthy of their patronage and of the Author's fame.

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MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

WHEN Dr. Watts was urged by his friends to leave behind him some memoirs from which a history of his life might be composed, "he absolutely declined it, and desired that his character might stand in the world merely as it would appear in his works." It is indeed fully portrayed there, without varnish and without disguise. But it is pleasing to contemplate in one view, the even tenour of a long life, innocently and industriously passed in uniform tranquillity and perfect contentment.

ISAAC WATTS, the eldest of nine children, was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, and named after his father, who kept a boarding-school in that town. The persecution which the Church of England had undergone during the Great Rebellion, was then too recent to be forgotten by the nation, or forgiven by the clergy themselves; for toleration is a principle which is seldom learnt by the persecuted. Mr. Watts was a decided nonconformist; and is described as a man of "lively devotion:" he was imprisoned on the score of his religion, and during his confinement, his wife often sat on a stone at the prison-door with this their child, then an infant at her breast.

A book is said to have been the boy's greatest pleasure before he had well learnt to speak; but this can only mean that, like all other children, he was amused by looking at prints, before he could read. His intellect however must

have been dangerously precocious; for we are told that "he entered upon the study of the learned languages in his fourth year, at the free grammar-school of his native town, under the Rev. John Pinborne, of whose ability and gentleness, as a schoolmaster, he always retained a grateful and affectionate remembrance." It is related of him that his chief pleasure was in books; that the little money which he received in presents was applied to the gratification of this propensity; that although remarkable for vivacity, he employed his leisure hours in reading instead of joining other boys at play; and that when only seven or eight years old, he composed some devotional verses to please his mother.

Here he made good progress in Latin and Greek, and commenced the study of Hebrew. His promising talents and his amiable disposition induced some generous persons in that vicinity to propose that he should be entered at one of the English Universities, where they would support him; but having been bred up a dissenter, he determined to remain one; a determination to which, what he had heard his mother relate of her sorrows during his own infancy, must no doubt greatly have contributed. In his sixteenth year, therefore, he was sent to an academy in London, kept by Mr. Thomas Rowe, at that time minister of the Independent meeting at Haberdashers' Hall; and three years afterwards he joined in communion with that congregation. Among his fellow-students at this academy were Hort, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam; Say, whose poems and essays were published after his death; and Hughes, the author of the *Siege of Damascus*. Mr. Rowe said of him, that he never had occasion to reprove him, and that he often held him up as a pattern to his other pupils.

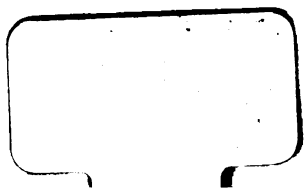
He used to mark all the books he read, to abridge some of them, and annotate others, which were interleaved for that purpose. But he pursued his studies during three years with intemperate ardour, allowing himself no time for needful exercise, and contracting his needful sleep; and his con-

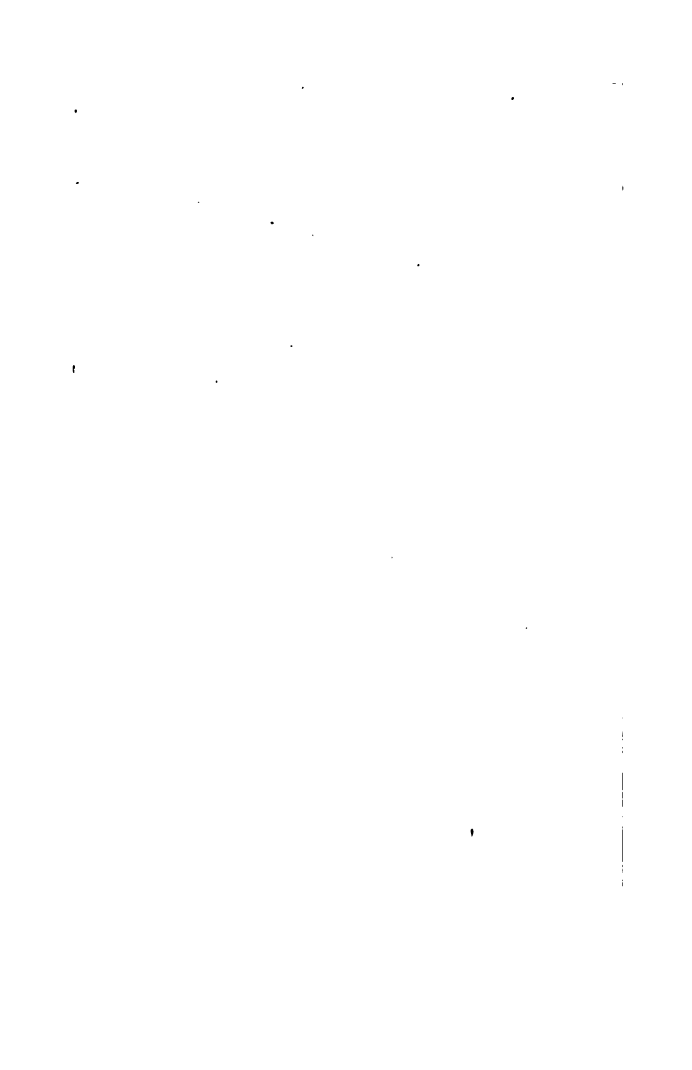
stitution thus received irreparable injury. In 1694 he left the academy, and for the two following years prosecuted his studies at his father's house, during which time the greater part of his hymns were composed, and probably most of his juvenile compositions.

It seems to have been thought remarkable that he did not enter upon the ministry immediately after completing his academical course. One of his biographers says: "The long silence of this excellent and accomplished youth, as to the primary object of all his studies, the preaching of the gospel, affords considerable scope for conjecture. It is true he was still but a youth, diffident of himself, and deeply affected with the importance of the ministry, under a sense of his insufficiency, and trembling lest he should go to the altar of God uncalled. But after sixteen years spent in classical studies,—after uncommon proficiency in other parts of learning connected with the work of the ministry,—with every qualification for the sacred office,—living at a time when his public services were peculiarly needed, and when he was known and spoken of as promising celebrity in whatever profession he might choose,—that with all these advantages he should continue in retirement, is a fact difficult to account for, and for which only his extreme diffidence can afford any apology." When it is remembered that Mr. Watts left the academy in his twentieth year, or soon after its completion, the diffidence which withheld him from hurrying into the pulpit should rather be held forth as an example, than represented as a weakness or a fault. Nor can there be any difficulty in accounting for it, even to those to whom such diffidence might appear extraordinary. He preached his first sermon on the very day whereon he completed his twenty-fourth year; "probably considering that as the day of a second nativity, by which he entered into a new period of existence;" and in the meantime it is recorded of him, that "he applied himself to the study of the Scriptures, and to the reading of the best commentators,

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HORÆ LYRICÆ :

POEMS,

BY

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH

MEMOIR,

BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.

was subdued, a nervous debility remained which for some years entirely incapacitated him for the functions of his office. Days were set apart by his congregation for prayers for his recovery, and many of his brethren in the ministry united in these supplications, "as men deeply impressed with the importance of his life." It was necessary, however, that his place should be supplied, even when their prayers were so far answered as to remove any apprehension of a fatal termination; and by his own desire Mr. Price was elected to be joint pastor with him. This illness proved in its consequences the most important and most fortunate event of his life. Sir Thomas Abney invited him to try the effect of change of air, at his house at Theobalds: thither Watts went, intending to stay there but a single week, and there he remained six and thirty years, which was as long as he lived.

"Here," says his first biographer, Dr. Gibbons, "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any cares of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to soothe his mind, and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this happy event, he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor and inability for public service, and even for profitable study; or perhaps might have sunk into his grave, under the overwhelming load of infirmities, in the midst of his days: and thus the church and the world would have been deprived of those many excellent ser-

mons and works which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies; but his amiable consort survives, who shows the Doctor the same respect and friendship as before: and most happily for him, and great numbers besides, (for as her riches were great, her generosity and munificence were in full proportion,) her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the Doctor's. And thus this excellent man, through her kindness, and that of her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who in a like degree esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finished, and, like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy."

Thus was Mr. Watts adopted into a family which loved him for his personal qualities, admired him for his genius, and revered him for his piety. On their side there was no pride of patronage, on his there was no uneasy feeling of dependence. The bond between them was that of entire confidence and esteem; and their mutual regard was heightened on one part by the delight which they experienced in making him happy, on the other, by a full and grateful sense of their constant kindness. A happier situation for one who had made up his mind to celibacy could not be imagined; and such a determination in his case had, no doubt, been early formed, when he became aware, that by intemperance in his youthful studies his constitution had been irretrievably injured; that his life was rendered in consequence more than ordinarily precarious, and that at best he could never hope to be any thing better than a valetudinarian. He was exempt from all the ordinary cares of life, and enabled at perfect leisure to employ himself in the way which he deemed, as it was really, most useful, and which was most in conformity as well with his own inclinations as with his sense of duty.

Sir Thomas Abney had been bred up in dissenting principles. King William knighted him, and he served the office of lord mayor of London in 1700. It is related of him as an evidence of his piety, that on what may be called his own day, "he withdrew silently after supper from the public assembly at Guildhall, went to his own house, performed family worship there, and then returned to the company." His first wife was the daughter of Caryl, whose Commentary on Job it may be deemed a most unquestionable proof of patience in any person to have perused. Sir Thomas was well stricken in years when he married, in the year of his mayoralty, his second wife,—the sister of Mr. Gunston, to whose "dear memory," as a much-honoured friend, Watts had inscribed a poem. Their house at Theobalds adjoined the site of the palace which Burleigh erected for his own residence, and where he so often entertained Elizabeth and her court. Part of a wall was believed to be the only vestige remaining of that palace, where James received the homage of the lords of the council when he came to take possession of the kingdom,—and from whence he was carried to his grave. It was demolished by the long parliament, in disregard of the opinion expressed by their own commissioners, that it was an "excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished;" but the materials were valued at more than 8,000*l.*; and in the destructive spirit of revolutionary times, this was sufficient motive for its demolition. The gardens in the days of its splendour were of great extent; their labyrinths and fountains had disappeared, and the "nine knots artificially and exquisitely made, one of which was set forth in likeness of the king's arms." But there remained a long moss-walk, overshadowed by two rows of elm-trees; and within a few yards of the entrance of that walk there stood, in Sir Thomas Abney's garden, a summer-house, which fifty years after Watts's death was shown as the place in which he had composed many of his works. The win-

dows of that summer-house looked to Theobalds' park, over a large fish-pond, which probably had been made in Burleigh's time. During Watts's life even Stoke Newington had more of a rural than suburban character; but Theobalds was completely a country retirement. London had not travelled in that direction beyond Shoreditch church; it now extends far beyond Cheshunt, on the road to Ware; and the angler who should take Izaak Walton for his guide, would find every thing as much altered,—and as little for the better,—as the hostesses who knew so well then how to dress a chub after Piscator's receipt, and the milk-maids whose memories were stored with such choice of good old songs.

“Mr. Watts's usefulness among his flock was in no degree diminished by his residence at Theobalds. It was easy for him, when his health permitted, to officiate in London. There was a carriage at his command, and the family with which he was domesticated being of his own persuasion, were as much interested in this point as himself. If he was disabled by indisposition, there was no cause for uneasiness on that account; his colleague, with whom he always maintained the most uninterrupted friendship, was on the spot to supply his place. When he was incapable of public labour, he refused to receive his salary, and at all times a third part of his income was devoted to charitable uses. In this there was no sacrifice, seeing that all his wants were provided for; but it was proof of a disposition which would have made any sacrifice from the same motives of love towards God and his fellow-creatures.

Perhaps the peculiar position in which he was placed increased both the respect and the affection with which his congregation regarded him. It made him independent of them; and they looked upon him not in the light of a dependent, upon the wealthy family with which he was domesticated, nor as a humble friend, but, as what in reality he was, one of its members, adopted into it by the special

friendship of one of the wealthiest and most considerable persons attached to the dissenting cause. Indeed, if Sir Thomas Abney appeared to them in the same light as he did to Mr. Watts, they must have thought him not only one of the best, but also one of the greatest men in the nation.

"He had the universal respect due to goodness," says his eulogist, "long before he was made great : and when his fellow-citizens voted him into power and honour, he surveyed the province with a just reluctance, and shrunk away from grandeur : nor could any thing overcome his sincere aversion, but a sense of duty and hopes of public service. He passed through the chief offices of the city, and left a lustre upon them by the practice of such virtue and such piety as the chair of honour has seldom known. Those who have attended that court since the year of his magistracy search the register backwards for twenty annual successions, and confess he has had no rival. While he stood in that eminence, he surveyed the whole nation, took a just view of its wants and its dangers ; and by the divine blessing which his daily retirements engaged on his side, he secured the nation's best interest, the exclusion of a child of Rome from the throne of England, and the succession of a protestant government.

"At the appointed season he resigned with pleasure the fatigues of power, the tiresome hours of state, and the tedious train of pomp and equipage ; but he daily fulfils the duties of subordinate authority, to the terror of vice, to the support of the good, and to the reformation of a sinful land. He vindicates the poor with courage against the oppression of the mighty, and sends gay criminals to the place of correction. He puts the rich offenders to public shame, as well as the poor, and he doth it with a noble security of soul : so spotless a character fears no recrimination.

"When the days of public show and procession return, he hides himself often at his country seat, and makes every

trifling obstacle a sufficient excuse for his absence from honours, scarlet and gold. But none so zealous and constant in their attendance on the hours of business; and at the honourable board there is no seat empty so seldom as his. Neither gain nor diversion can tempt him aside when the duty of his post requires his presence, and the public weal demands his counsels. His health, his ease, and his estate, are at the call of his country; his life lies ready too for the same service; but his nation gives thanks to Providence, that has not demanded the precious sacrifice."

There is a great want of taste in this high-swollen panegyric; but it presents Sir Thomas Abney in the light in which the author and that fraction of the community which constituted his public, beheld him, without literally believing that the protestant succession was established by him, when lord mayor of London. He was a person whose character supported the respect which his station and wealth obtained for him: and some part of that respect was reflected upon Mr. Watta. Moreover, the congregation felt, that in continuing his services to them as far as his feeble health would permit, he conferred upon them a favour and a kindness which could not be imputed to any motive of interest, or even of his own convenience, but proceeded from his sense of duty, his zeal in the dissenting cause, and his attachment to them: they prized them, therefore, as they ought, the more highly. And they were proud of his growing reputation, for he was then the best preacher among the dissenters, and one of the best of those times. Not that his sermons can be placed in the first, or even second rank of such compositions; but they were well adapted to the great purpose of present effect; and they had all the advantages that could be given them by an impressive elocution, and a manner of delivery which with curious felicity seems to have been at the same time elaborately studied, yet earnestly sincere.

"I hate," said he, "the thoughts of making any thing

in religion, heavy or tiresome." In another place, he ventures to say, that perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches still want some degree of reformation;—that reformation he endeavoured to bring about in his own. "Suppose two preachers," he says, "were desired to minister to the same auditory, on a day of fasting or praise, and on the same subject too. One of them has all the beauty, force, and skill of clear and calm reasoning; the other not only instructs well, but powerfully moves the affections with sacred oratory. Which of these two will best secure the attention of the people, and guard them from drowsiness or wandering? Surely, he that touches the heart, will fix the eyes and the ears and all the powers; while he that merely endeavours to inform the head, will find many wandering eyes, and some sleepers."

In another sermon upon the same subject, "The use of the Passions in Religion," he exclaims, "Does divine love send dreaming preachers to call dead sinners to life,—preachers that are content to leave their hearers asleep on the precipice of eternal destruction? Have they no such thing as passion belonging to them? Have they no piety? Have they no fear? Have they no sense of the worth of souls? Have they no springs of affection within them?—Or do they think their hearers have none?—Or is passion so vile a power that it must be all devoted to things of flesh and sense, and must never be applied to things divine and heavenly? Who taught any of us this lazy and drowsy practice? Does God or his prophets, or Christ or his apostles, instruct us in this modish art of still life, this 'lethargy of preaching?' Did the great God ever appoint statues for his ambassadors, to invite sinners to his mercy? Words of grace written upon brass or marble, would do the work almost as well!—How cold and dull and unaffected with divine things, is mankind by nature! How careless and indolent is a whole assembly, when the preacher appears like a lifeless engine, pronouncing words

of law or grace, when he speaks of divine things in such a dry, in such a cold and formal manner, as though they had no influence on his own heart! When the words freeze upon his lips, the hearts of hearers are freezing also."

In an ordination sermon he warned the aspirant student against the fault which would most easily beset him. "Do not say within yourself, how much or how elegantly I can talk upon such a text; but what can I say most usefully to those who hear me, for the instruction of their minds, for the correction of their consciences, and for the persuasion of their hearts? Be not fond of displaying your learned criticisms in clearing up the terms and phrases of a text, when scholars only can be edified by them; nor spend away the precious moments of the congregation, in making them hear you explain what is clear enough before, and hath no need of explaining; nor in proving that which is so obvious that it needs no proof. This is little better than trifling with God and man. Think not, how can I make a sermon correct and earnest? but how I can make the most profitable sermon for my hearers:—not what fine things I can say, either in a way of criticism or philosophy, or in a way of oratory or harangue; but what powerful words I can speak to impress the consciences of those that hear with a serious and lasting sense of moral, divine, and eternal things. Judge wisely what to leave out, as well as what to speak. Let not your chief design be to work up a sheet, or to hold out an hour, but to save a soul."

In another part of the same exhortation, he says, "Get the substance of your sermon which you have prepared for the pulpit, so wrought into your head and heart, by reason and meditation, that you may have it at command, and speak to your hearers with freedom; not as if you were reading or repeating your lesson to them, but as a man sent to teach and persuade them to faith and holiness. Deliver your discourses to the people like a man that is talking to them in good earnest about their most important con-

cerns, and their everlasting welfare;—like a messenger sent from heaven, who would fain save sinners from hell, and allure souls to God and happiness. Do not indulge that lazy way of reading over your prepared paper, as a schoolboy does an oration out of Livy or Cicero, who has no concern in the things he speaks. But let all the warmest zeal for God, and compassion for perishing men, animate your voice and countenance; and let the people see and feel, as well as hear, that you are speaking to them about things of infinite moment, and on which your own eternal interest lies as well as theirs.

“ If you pray and hope for the assistance of the Spirit of God in every part of your works, do not resolve always to confine yourself precisely to the mere words and sentences which you have written down in your private preparations. Far be it from me to encourage a preacher to venture into public work without due preparation by study, and a regular composure of his discourse. We must not serve God with what cost us nothing. All our wisest thoughts and cares are due to the sacred service of the temple. But what I mean is, that we should not impose upon ourselves just such a number of precomposed words and lines to be delivered in the hour, without daring to speak a warm sentiment that comes fresh upon the mind. Why may you not hope for some lively turns of thought, some new pious sentiments which may strike light, and heat, and life into the understandings and hearts of those that hear you? In the zeal of your ministrations, why may you not expect some bright and warm and pathetic forms of argument and persuasion to offer themselves to your lips, for the more powerful conviction of sinners, and the encouragement and comfort of humble Christians? Have you not often found such an enlargement of thought, such a variety of sentiment and freedom of speech, in common conversation upon an important subject, beyond what you were apprized of beforehand? And why should you forbid yourself this na-

tural advantage in the pulpit, and in the fervour of sacred ministrations, when also you have more reason to hope for divine assistance?"

Whitefield appears to have followed Dr. Watts's advice in this respect, and to have owed to it, in great measure, his extraordinary success as a preacher; for in his printed sermons there are none of those sparks of fancy or flashes of imagination, none of those bursts of oratory, none of that eloquence, true or false, with which he is known to have enlivened what in the dead letter every reader feels to be poor and dull discourses. Watts himself preached upon the plan which he advised; he wrote, it is said, and committed to memory the leading features of his curatory sermons; the rest he trusted to his extemporary power and the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit. But it is not likely that, as in Whitefield's case, the better portion of Watts's sermons (if the extemporaneous parts were the better) has evaporated. He prepared them for the press as well as for the pulpit: much therefore of what had been introduced in delivery, his own memory, we may be sure, would retain; and as the practice of taking notes from a distinguished preacher was at that time not unusual, it is probable that in this way, by which so many of Owen's sermons were preserved by Sir John Hartopp, his recollection may have been assisted.

Dr. Johnson has observed that "his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantage of appearance in the pulpit;" but the pulpit is a place in which that defect could entirely be supplied, and where the feebleness of his form and figure would be least perceived, while his benign countenance, and strong eye, and animated manner, produced their full effect. His friend, Dr. Gibbons, once asked him if he did not sometimes find himself too much awed by his auditory; "he replied, that when such a gentleman of eminent abilities and learning had come into the assembly and taken his eye, he felt some-

thing like a momentary tremour; but that he recovered himself by remembering what God said to the prophet Jeremiah, 'Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them.' It was little likely that he should be confounded, deservedly popular as he was in his own sphere, and properly conscious of his own power, and carefully as he had studied both the arts of composition and delivery. "I once mentioned," says Dr. Johnson, "the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkesworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts." The correctness of his pronunciation,* and the elegance of his diction, are said to have contributed greatly to his uncommon popularity as a preacher. It was doubtless as much from feeling, as for the sake of oratorical effect, that he always paused at the conclusion of any weighty sentence; this gave a solemnity to his words, and allowed time for the impression to be deeply and strongly fixed.

His sermons are so long, that in printing them he almost always inserted a notice about the middle of each, that it might conveniently be divided there. What he suspected might be found too long for reading, he would probably have thought too long for preaching, if custom had not then exacted long measure in such discourses. "We are not called," said he, (preaching on the observance of Sunday,) "to draw out the duties of worship to such unreasonable and tiresome lengths; nor to be so incessant and uninterrupted in works of religion on this day, as would overmuch fatigue the spirits, and overpress animal nature. This does

* Some curious instances of the change to which this is subject, appears in Dr. Watts's "Table of proper Names, written very different from the Pronunciation;" whereby it appears that Esther was in his time pronounced EASTUR; Sarah, SAREY; St. Paul's Church, POLK's; and Guildhall, BELDHALL.

not tend to the edification of men, or the honour of God; but it has a certain and evident tendency to prejudice younger persons against the observance of the Lord's-day, if we render the service of it too irksome and tedious."

On the observance of the Sabbath, Dr. Watts's opinion was reasonable and tolerant. After showing that under the Jewish dispensation no works of necessity or of mercy were forbidden on that day, he says: "Under the New Testament we have no strict and severe prohibitions of every care and labour in the common return of the Lord's-day, where they do not interfere with the primary design of it, that is, the worship of God, and our best improvement thereby. And therefore I say, when the necessary labours of a few on some part of the day, by providing food and other conveniences of life, render many more persons capable of spending the day in religion, I cannot find that the New Testament forbids it. I say *in some part of the Lord's-day*, for I think none ought to be so constantly employed in secular affairs as to exclude the whole day from its proper business, that is, religion or devotion, except in the cases of necessity above mentioned. I think it may be maintained in general, that, as whatsoever tends to destroy or nullify the great design of religious worship should be omitted on the Lord's-day, so some lesser labours, which tend to make the performances of religion more easy, cheerful, and regular to ourselves, and to great numbers of others, may safely be performed on this day without a wilful violation of it." And having premised that, as he would not bind new burdens on the servants of Christ, so neither would he release what Christ has bound, he concludes that, "according as our constitution is more or less healthy, or our circumstances in the world, as servants or masters, as poor or rich, call us more or less to necessary works on this day, so we are to employ ourselves in the affairs of religion at such hours, and with such intervals of relief and refreshment, as that the sabbath of the Lord may

be a pleasure to us, and may not overtax feeble nature, instead of giving it rest. We should all employ this day to the designs and ends appointed, to the honour of God and our risen Saviour; not with peevish rigour and superstitious abstinences—not indulgences of the flesh and lazy idleness,—not in sports and pastimes,—but with Christian wisdom improve our time for religious purposes, according to our capacities and stations; knowing, that we are in a state of gospel liberty, freed from a state and spirit of bondage, and rejoicing in the Lord, our deliverer and Saviour."

This is entirely in accord with the gentle spirit of moderation and benevolence that pervades all his works. Johnson admired his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure in his theological writings; and observes that orthodoxy was united with charity not only in his works, but in his mind. Charity, indeed, in its full Christian sense, was one of his favourite themes. "I find a strange pleasure," he says, "in discoursing of this virtue, hoping that my very soul may be moulded into its divine likeness. I would always feel it inwardly warming my heart; I would have it look through my eyes continually, and it should be ever ready upon my lips to soften every expression of my tongue: I would dress myself in it as my best raiment; I would put it on upon my faith and hope, not so as entirely to hide them, but as an upper and more visible vesture, constantly to appear in among men. For our Christian charity is to evidence our other virtues."

So completely was he conformed to this Christian temper, that even when engaged in controversy he seems never to have been provoked to any angry feeling, nor tempted to an uncharitable one. When an opponent had assumed an overbearing manner towards him, and affected a tone of triumph to which he was little entitled, Dr. Watts, though he perceived that men were too easily carried away by such assumption of superiority, and that he who places himself

in the seat of the scorner, never fails to find servile admirers, could not prevail upon himself to adopt a manner of writing so contrary to his own principles and disposition, even though he might have gained by it a temporary success for the great truths in behalf of which he was engaged. He felt himself not only indisposed but unqualified for it. "David," he said, "might better bear Saul's armour than he could enter into such a manner of dispute."

It was in this spirit of charity, and not in any loose latitude of opinion, that he said, "I am persuaded there is a breadth in the narrow road to Heaven, and persons may travel more than seven abreast in it." That spirit led him to declare his persuasion that heathens and savages, who never heard of the gospel, are not left to perish unavoidably, without any hope, or any grace to trust in; but if there be found among them any who fear God and work righteousness, they shall be accepted of Him, through an unknown Mediator, as Cornelius was. It led him to entertain a curious opinion concerning the souls of those who die in infancy. The execrable notion that they are condemned to eternal punishment for their portion of original sin, he utterly rejected; and the fancy of a Limbo, which some protestants had been willing to adopt from the figments of the Romish church, seemed to him as neither supported by Scripture, nor maintainable by reason. Rather than condemn them to a wretched resurrection for the purpose of being condemned, he would have chosen to believe in a metempsychosis, and that the soul on its early separation from one body entered into another, in which it might go through that state of trial on which its eternal destiny might equitably depend. But in his judgment it was more likely, as more consonant with Scripture, that they underwent, in its strict and final sense, the penalty of temporal death denounced against all the race of Adam; and that there was no resurrection appointed for them. "This hypothesis," he says, "not only absolves the providence of God from

supposed cruelty, but perhaps it represents it as good and gracious towards far the greatest part of those that are born of Adam; while they are not suffered to live and grow up amidst the temptations of this world, and under their present corrupt principles of nature, but are precluded from rendering themselves more miserable by being cut off in infancy." "The Scripture having never, in any text that I can find, foretold the resurrection or judgment of the infants of sinful parents, and having pronounced the word *death* only as the penalty of Adam's sin, or their interest in it, and denounced the final judgment and eternal misery only against actual sinners; there is abundant reason to believe that God has knowingly and wisely appointed and ordained all these things, so that his providence might be secure from all charges of cruelty and injustice. And perhaps this hypothesis, which I have here proposed, is nothing else but these very appointments and transactions of God set in their proper scriptural light, to guard his providence from censure."

The treatise in which this hypothesis was advanced contains two opinions, one of which is perhaps peculiar to Dr. Watts, and both are characteristic of him. Born and bred a Calvinist, after the "most strictest sect" of that persuasion, it was not to be expected that he should easily resign for himself the high privilege of his predestination, still less that they within whose circle he was circumscribed (who considered themselves, as they have seriously been called, to be *kings incog.* upon earth) should consent to have the entail of their crowns cut off and take only the common lot of inheritance with other men. That he and they were by indefeasible election assured of salvation, was what he could willingly and joyfully believe; but his understanding, his tenderness for his fellow-creatures, and his piety made him shrink from what had ever been held as a consequent article of the same creed, that the other and far greater part of the human race were, by an equally irre-

vocable decree, predoomed to sin and wrath and everlasting punishment. "Surely," says he, "the Lord Jesus would never be sent in flaming fire to render vengeance on those that obey not the gospel,* if there was no sufficient salvation provided in that gospel which commands them to receive it."—"Can we think that the righteous Judge of the world will merely send words of grace and salvation amongst them, on purpose to make his creatures so much the more miserable, when there is no real grace to salvation contained in those words for them who refuse to receive it?" "It is very hard to suppose, that when the word of God, by the general commands, promises, threatenings, given to all men whatsoever, and often repeated therein, represents mankind as in a state of probation, and in the way towards eternal rewards or eternal punishments, according to their behaviour in this life,—I say it is hard to suppose all this should be no real and just representation, but a mere amusement! that all these proposals of mercy and displays of the gracious dealings of God, should be an empty show, with regard to all the millions of mankind, besides the few that are chosen to happiness! and that they should really be so fixed in a wretched, hopeless, and deplorable state, under the first sin of the first man, that they are utterly irrecoverable from the ruins of it!"

It is easier to get into a labyrinth than to find the way out of it. Watts thought to solve the difficulty by rejecting the doctrine of reprobation, while he retained that of election, and maintaining that salvation was absolutely secured for the elect, and conditionally provided for any others who chose to accept it; so that all might be saved, though there were but few who inevitably must. His mind was more remarkable for subtlety than strength; yet if he had not been deeply imbued with a tenet which, of all others, is the most flattering to the pride of those who think

* 2 Thes. i. 8, 9.

themselves included in the charter, he could not have supposed that by such a compromise he could "vindicate the ways of God to man." The way in which he treats the subject, however, shows his own amiable disposition, and at the same time discovers the spirit with which some of those to whom he addressed himself were possessed. "The doctrine of reprobation," says he, "in the most severe and absolute sense of it, stands in such a direct contradiction to all our notions of kindness and love to others, in which the blessed God is set forth as an example, that our reason cannot tell how to receive it. Yet if it were never so true, and never so plainly revealed in Scripture, it could only be a doctrine which might require our humble assent, and our silent submission to it, with awful reverence of the majesty and sovereignty of the great God. But it is by no means a doctrine in which we, as men, could or should rejoice and glory, or take pleasure in it; because it hath so dreadful an aspect on far the greatest part of our fellow-creatures, considered as mere creatures. Nor do I think the blessed God would require us so far to divest ourselves of humanity, as to take a secret satisfaction in the absolute and eternal appointment of such numbers of our kindred in flesh and blood, to everlasting perdition; much less should we make this awful and terrible article a matter of our public boast and triumph, even if we could prove it to be revealed,—but rather mourn for it. And since there are so many expressions of Scripture, that give us reason to think that Christ lived and died in some respects as a common Mediator of mankind, though with a peculiar regard to the elect, methinks this doctrine of the extensive goodness of God, is a much more desirable opinion, and should be more cheerfully received by us, as it is so agreeable to our duty of charity to all men, and seems so necessary to us at present, for vindicating the justice, goodness, and sincerity of the blessed God, in his transactions with mankind. When, therefore, I hear men talk of the doctrine of repro-

bation with a special gust and relish, as a favourite, I cannot but suspect their good temper, and question whether they love their neighbour as they do themselves."

The redemption of the elect, and of those who not being predestined to salvation had nevertheless acquired it by their acceptance of the offered grace, Dr. Watts extended to their infants, exempting them from that annihilation, or transmigration, one of which, in his opinion, would be the lot of the infants of the unrighteous. He thought it agreeable to the law of nature and creation, that they who by reason of their infancy were utterly incapable of knowing either the laws of God, or the discoveries and proposals of his mercy, should be esteemed a part of their parents, or one with them, as to all the purposes of the gospel dispensation. "It is not strange," he said, "that God should make his covenant of grace so favourable and extensive to the children of pious persons, since there is an evident analogy both in the kingdom of nature, and in the kingdom of Providence: for in these it is evident, that children often inherit the' gout, or the stone,—a healthy and robust constitution, or sickness and pain,—poverty or riches,—disgrace or honour, according to the condition and circumstances of their parents. And since it was so constituted in the law of innocency, and the covenant of works, whereby all the children of men should have been established in happiness, if Adam, their father, had continued in his obedience, and whereby all the posterity of Adam are now born in sin and misery, and involved in his fall—why may we not reasonably suppose the mercy of God would extend as far as his justice? Why may not the happiness of the new covenant of grace be conveyed to the infant offspring of those who have accepted it, which die in their infancy, and can have no state of trial in their own persons?"

These opinions, though "new and peculiar," were meekly and diffidently advanced, as merely "probable conjectures drawn from reason and Scripture, to relieve the

difficulties which seem to hang on revealed truths. "If the method proposed," said he, "is not sufficient for this purpose, I shall rejoice to see better solutions of them given, and to behold them set in a fairer light. Where I have laboured to follow the track of reason, it hath been only in order to do more abundant honour to divine revelation, to which I entirely submit my faith and practice; and I solemnly renounce whatsoever is inconsistent with it, for that cannot be right reason. And let us remember also, that if all our attempts of this kind should fail, yet we may rest assured of this, that *God is ever wise and righteous and good*: that all his transactions with men, now intricate and repugnant soever they may seem to us, are highly consistent in His own view, and harmonize with all His own perfections. We may be assured that we are sinful and unhappy creatures in ourselves; that there is an all-sufficient salvation provided through Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and that every one shall certainly be a joyful partaker of it, who follows the appointed methods of divine grace."

The condition of the souls in bliss was a favourite subject of speculation with him; and his views were so agreeable to Frank, the German pietist, that, at that remarkable person's instance, the two funeral discourses in memory of Sir John and Lady Hartopp, which Watts published under the title of "*Death and Heaven, or the last Enemy conquered, and separate Spirits made perfect,*" was translated at Geneva. The preacher was said, by his translator, to have taken "an occasion of flying with his thoughts into the blessed mansions of the just, and giving not only a very probable and beautiful idea of the glory of a future life in general, but also an enumeration of the many sorts of enjoyments and pleasures that are to be met with there."

Watts thought it might be "matter of inquiry whether the meanest saint among the sons of Adam had not some sort of privilege above any rank of angels, by being of a kindred nature to our glorified Emmanuel." But among

the saints themselves he thought there must be a great and strongly marked difference of degrees. "Who can suppose that Moses, 'the meek, the friend of God,' who was, as it were, his confidant on earth, has taken his seat no nearer to Him in Paradise than Samson and Jephthah, 'those rash champions, those rude and bloody ministers of Providence?' Of this we may be assured, that there is no dull uniformity in the world of spirits." He dared not assert that there is no difference between souls themselves at their creation and union with the body: some considerations would rather lead him to believe that real diversities of genius existed among them in their own nature. But as it is certain that the mind of every man has its own peculiar turn and manner of thought, so is it more than probable that the soul will carry with it to heaven, so much of that turn and manner as is innocent, and can administer to its happiness, as in the wicked their evil passions will inflict on each his own peculiar and self-caused punishment. But if there were no difference between spirits in their original formation, yet this we know, that "God designed their habitation in flesh and blood, and their passage through this orb as the means to form and fit them for various stations in the unknown world." "The souls of men having dwelt many years in particular bodies, have been influenced and habituated to particular turns of thought, both according to the various constitutions of their bodies, and the more various studies and businesses and occurrences of life." It may reasonably therefore be imagined that they will have "the same variety of taste and pleasure in that happy world above, according as they are fitted for various kinds of sacred entertainments in their state of preparation, and during their residence in flesh and blood!"

Watts seems to have said in his mind with Milton:

— What if earth

Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

Blackmore, between whom and Milton Watts may be placed about half way, has asked himself the same question; and accordingly, when, in a poem worthy of its anti-illustrious author, Queen Elizabeth, in the body, is taken to heaven in a chariot by the angel Gabriel, that she

May see the triumphs of the blest,

and, at the same time,

Of future joys, a present earnest taste,

one of the sights with which he entertains her there is,—a review before the walls of the New Jerusalem.

— Upon a spacious field,

By his superior port and brighter shield
Distinguish'd, Michael drew in long array
Heaven's bright brigades, that his command obey.
The illustrious cohorts with seraphic grace
In long review before their general pass.
Immortal youth in their bless'd faces smiled:
How terrible their strength! their looks how mild!
What fatal arms each glorious warrior wears!
How keen their swords! how long and bright their spears!
How awful did the extended front appear!
How dreadful was their deep unmeasurable rear!
The blest were thus employed; these scenes were seen
Before the city, by the wondering queen.

If Elizabeth, instead of being present in the body at this super-celestial review, had only seen it described in such verses as these, she might have thought that her own camp at Tilbury made a far more imposing display. Watts had no predilections for the pomp and circumstances of war; and though, like Mr. Locke, he was an admirer of Sir Richard's epics, it would certainly have appeared to him something worse than absurd to represent this as one of the employments of the blessed in the world of peace! Yet the heaven of his imagination was coloured by his earthly pur-

suits: whether there were to be reviews there or not, there were to be sermons.

The spirits of the good must, he thought, have some special circumstances of sacred pleasures, suited to their labours and studies while in their state of trial: "for the church on earth is but a training-school for the church on high, and, as it were, a tiring-room, in which we are dressed in proper habits for our appearance and our places in that bright assembly." Thus he supposed, that as Moses and David were both trained up in feeding flocks in the wilderness, that they might feed and rule God's chosen people: this training in the arts of holy government on earth prepared them to be "chiefs of some blessed army, some sacred tribe in heaven." They had both been directors of the forms of worship below, under divine inspiration; this might fit them to become "leaders of some celestial assembly, when a multitude of the sons of God come at stated seasons to present themselves before the throne." David had been the chief mortal man in the harmonious work of celebrating the Creator's praise; "may we not then imagine that he is or shall be a master of heavenly music, before or after the resurrection, and teach some of the chosen above to tune their harps to the Lamb that was slain?" Boyle and Ray, pursuing the philosophy in which they delighted on earth, contemplate there the wisdom of God in his works. Henry More and Howe continue their metaphysical researches with heightened and refined powers of mind. Thomas Goodwin and Owen are becoming more and more enlightened in their theological perceptions. Eusebius, and Usher, and Bishop Burnet there have the whole history of the church and the ways of providence open to them. But for Tillotson and Baxter,—the first having devoted himself to the cultivation of holiness, and peace, and love, and the second having worked hard for the end of controversies and for the conversion of souls,—no occupation would seem by this scheme to have been provided, if Dr. Watts had not

conceived that lectures of divine wisdom and grace are given to the younger spirits there by those of a most exalted station: "for not only is there the service of thanksgiving here, and of prayer, but such entertainments as lectures and sermons also; and there all the worship that is paid is the established worship of the whole country." If some of his conceptions in these discourses are of the earth, earthy, there are parts in which he approaches too near the Holy of Holies.

Dr. Watts was aware—he could not indeed fail to perceive—that he exposed himself to some reproach for supposing that the distinctions of human society were, in a certain sense, continued beyond this world. "Some," said he, "will reprove me here, and say, what, must none but ministers and authors, and learned men have their distinguished rewards and glories in the world of spirits? May not artificers, and traders, and pious women be fitted by their character and conduct on earth for peculiar stations and employment in heaven? Yes, doubtless," he answers. But he asks, whether Deborah, who animated the armies of Israel, and sung their victories, is not engaged in some more illustrious employment among the heavenly tribes, than Dorcas, whose highest character is that she was full of alms-deeds, and made coats and garments for the poor? and whether Dorcas is not "prepared for some greater enjoyments, some sweeter relish of mercy, or some special taste of the Divine goodness above Rahab the harlot?" Different, however, as may be the degrees of good in heaven, all may be perfect there, and free from every defect.

It has been affirmed, (I know not with what truth,) that Baxter, in the first edition of his *Saint's Rest*, spoke of the Parliament of heaven, because he would not call it a Kingdom. Watts invests his saints with regal dignity and regal powers. "Some part of the happiness of heaven," he says, "is described in Scripture by crowns and thrones, by royalty and kingly honours: why may we not then suppose that such souls, whose sublimer graces have prepared

them for such dignity and office, may *rule the nations*, even in a literal sense? Why may not those spirits that have passed their trials in flesh and blood, and come off conquerors; why may they not sometimes be appointed visitors and superintendents over whole provinces of intelligent beings in lower regions, who are yet labouring in their state of probation? Or perhaps they may be exalted to a presidency over inferior ranks of happy spirits, may shine bright amongst them as the morning star, and lead on their holy armies to celestial work, or worship. The Scripture itself gives me a hint of such employments in the angelic world, and such presidencies over some parts of our world, or of their own. Do we not read of Gabriel and Michael, and their management of the affairs of Persia and Greece, and Judah, in the book of Daniel? And it is an intimation of the same hierarchy, when some superior angel led on a multitude of the heavenly host to sing a hymn of praise at Bethlehem, when the Son of God was born there. Now, if angels are thus dignified, may not human spirits unbodied have the same office? Our Saviour, when he rewards the faithful servant that had gained ten pounds, bids him take authority over ten cities; and he that had gained five, had five cities under his government. So that this is not a mere random thought, or a wild invention of fancy, but patronized by the Word of God." If he had followed up these views he might have found himself nearer Rome than Geneva.

As might have been expected from the gentleness of his disposition, he dwells far less upon the terrors of a future state than upon the hopes which are held out to the righteous. "The mercy-seat in heaven," he said, "is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness on earth."—"How little is death to be dreaded by a believer, since it will bring the soul to the full possession of its hidden life in heaven! It is a dark valley that divides between this world and the next; but it is all a region of

light and blessedness beyond it. We are now borderers on the eternal world, and we know but little of that invisible country. Approaching death opens the gates to us, and begins to give our holy curiosity some secret satisfaction ; and yet how we shrink backward, and are ready to beg and pray that they might be closed again ! But it is better to have our Christian courage wrought up to a divine height, and to say ‘ Open, ye everlasting gates, and be ye lift up, O ye immortal doors, that we may enter into the place where the King of glory is ! ’ ”

Upon the passage of the soul from the visible to the invisible world, we have some curious speculations. After bewildering himself in *space*, which (agreeable to the lovers’ well-known wish) he endeavoured to annihilate, and after in like manner abolishing *substance*, and saying that we may content ourselves with the notion and description of it given by the schools,—*Substantia est Ens per se subsistens et substantia accidentibus*,—he argues, that as disembodied spirits cannot exist *everywhere*, and do not properly exist *anywhere*, they may philosophically be said to exist *nowhere*. Whether then does the soul depart when it is separated from the body ? and if it depart, whither ? Perhaps it may be furnished with some new vehicle of more refined matter ; perhaps it may abide where death finds it,—in *anywhereness*, or *nowhereness*, not changing its place, but only its manner of thinking and acting, and its mode of existence, and without removal finding itself in heaven or hell, according to its consciousness of its own deserts.

“ I might illustrate this,” he says, “ by two similes, and especially apply them to the case of holy souls departing.

“ 1. Suppose a torch inclosed in a cell of earth, in the midst of ten thousand thousand torches that shone at large in a spacious amphitheatre. While it is enclosed, its beams strike only on the walls of its own cell, and it has no communion with those without ; but let the cell fall down at

once, and the torch that minute has full communion with all those ten thousand; it shines as freely as they do, and receives and gives assistance to all of them, and joins to add glory to that illustrious place.

"2. Or suppose a man born and brought up in a dark prison, in the midst of a fair and populous city: he lives there in a close confinement, perhaps he enjoys there only the twinkling light of a lamp, with thick air and much ignorance; though he has some distant hints and reports of the surrounding city and its affairs, yet he sees and knows nothing immediately, but what is done in his own prison, till in some happy minute the walls fall down; then he finds himself at once in a large and populous town, encompassed with a thousand blessings; with surprise he beholds the king in all his glory, and holds converse with the sprightly inhabitants; he can speak their language, and finds his nature suited to such communion; he breathes free air, and stands in the open light; he shakes himself and exults in his own liberty. Such is a soul existing in a moment in the separate world of holy and happy souls, and before a present God, when the prison-walls of flesh fall to the ground."

Watts was not one of those divines (unworthily so called) who seem in their own element when revelling in the description of penal and sulphureous fires: yet he took no flattering and false view of human nature, for he saw, and felt, and knew that it was corrupted and fallen. Some, he said, imagined, that his retirement from the world, and dwelling among his own solitary thoughts and old authors, had led him into melancholy and dismal apprehensions of mankind; but, on the contrary, he declared that it was his free and public converse with the world in earlier life, which had given him his just and distressful views of his fellow-creatures. With old authors, indeed, he had no very extensive acquaintance. He could call to mind no better one than Eusebius, to enumerate among his spiritual peers in

the kingdom of heaven. But from some of those with which he was conversant, he adopted the dreadful notion, that measures man's offences by the immeasurable power of the Almighty, and aggravates them in proportion as that is great. Eternal punishment, he says, would not so plainly and evidently seem just and reasonable, "unless upon a supposition that all offences committed against the infinite majesty of God, have a sort of infinite demerit in them ! and the offence partaking thus of infinity, the punishment must therefore be eternal." Yet when he declared his belief in this doctrine, he proclaimed that "whosoever sincerely confesses and repents of sin, and trusts in the all-sufficient atonement and sacrifice of Christ, to remove the guilt of it, has abundant assurance from Scripture that the blood of Christ will cleanse him from all sin, and that the Son of God has been, and will be his High-priest to reconcile him to God the Father."

There is however a remarkable passage in the preface to the second volume of his *Discourses on the World to Come* :—"Were he," he said, "to pursue his inquiries into the doctrine of eternal punishment, merely by the aids of the light of nature and reason, he feared that his natural tenderness might warp him aside from the rules and the demands of strict justice, and the wise and holy government of the great God. But he was constrained to follow the unerring word of God, wherein the everlasting punishment of sinners in hell is asserted in the plainest and strongest manner, and that by all the methods of expression which are used in Scripture to signify an everlasting continuance.

"I must confess here," he adds, "if it were possible for the great and blessed God any other way to vindicate his own eternal and unchangeable hatred of sin, the inflexible justice of his government, the wisdom of his severe threatenings, and the veracity of his predictions,—if it were also possible for him, without this terrible execution, to vindicate the veracity, sincerity, and wisdom of the prophets and

apostles, and of Jesus Christ his Son, the greatest and chiefest of his divine messengers; and then, if the blessed God should at any time in a consistence with his glorious and incomprehensible perfections, release those wretched creatures from their acute pains and long imprisonment in hell, either with a design of the utter destruction of their beings by annihilation, or to put them into some unknown world upon a new foot of trial, I ought cheerfully and joyfully to accept this appointment of God for the good of millions of my fellow-creatures, and add my joys and praises to all the songs and triumphs of the heavenly world, in the day of such a divine and glorious release of these prisoners.

“But I feel myself under a necessity of confessing, that I am utterly unable to solve these difficulties according to the discoveries of the New Testament, which must be my constant rule of faith, and hope, and expectation, with regard to myself and others. I have read the strongest and best writers on the other side; yet, after all my studies, I have not been able to find any way how these difficulties may be removed, and how the divine perfections, and the conduct of God in his word, may be fairly vindicated, without the establishment of this doctrine, awful and formidable as it is.

“The ways, indeed, of the great God, and *his thoughts, are above our thoughts and our ways, as the heavens are above the earth.* Yet I must rest and acquiesce where our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father’s chief Minister both of his wrath and his love, has left me in the divine revelations of Scripture; and I am constrained therefore to leave these unhappy creatures under *the chains of everlasting darkness*, into which they have cast themselves by their wilful iniquities—till the blessed God shall see fit to release them.

“This would be indeed such a new, such an astonishing and universal jubilee, both for devils and wicked men, as must fill heaven, earth, and hell with hallelujahs and joy. In the meantime it is my ardent wish, that the awful

sense of the terrors of the Almighty, and his everlasting anger, which the word of the great God denounces, may awaken some souls timely to bethink themselves of the dreadful danger into which they are running, before those terrors seize them at death, and begin to be executed upon them without release and without hope."

This is a most curious passage. While on the one hand it expresses, in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, that the writer believed the doctrine of eternal punishment, because he found it plainly to his understanding declared in Scripture, it implies on the other, as obviously as words can imply a meaning, an opinion that the Almighty has some secret and mitigating decree *ait mente reportum*, and that Watts himself agreed, in his latent belief, with Origen and the Universalists.

But there is another point, and of the highest importance on which Dr. Watts has been supposed to have modified or changed his creed. I know not on what authority the story rests, that an Unitarian lady, once in conversation with Johnson, claimed Dr. Watts as a convert to her sect, and said, that although he had defended the Trinitarian doctrine in his works, he opened his eyes at his death. "Did he, madam?" Johnson is said to have replied; "then the first thing he saw was the devil." The speech is such as Johnson might have let fly on such an occasion, the more readily because he did not believe the assertion that provoked it. He has praised Watts as being "pure from all the heresies of an age to which every opinion had become a favourite that the universal church has hitherto detested." This was peculiarly the case with the dissenters. Thus their own recent historians say, that during this period error was the destroying angel of dissenting congregations; and they trace the cause to their academics, saying, it is by the principles of religion which a tutor inculcates into his students, that they become a blessing or a curse to the human race; assassins of souls, or instruments

of salvation. — Arminianism, they say, was the first stage of the disease, Arianism the second; and “when it filled the pulpit it invariably emptied the pews. This was the case, not only where a part of the congregation, alarmed by the sound of heresy, fled from the polluted house to a separate society; but where no opposition was made, and all remained without a murmur in the original place. In numerous instances the preacher, full of the wisdom of the serpent, sought, by hiding the monster from their view, to draw them over by stealth to the new theology, and unveiled his sentiments only as the people were able to bear them without a frown. Though at last his wishes were crowned with success, yet the decay began, and gradually consumed the growth, the strength, and the life of the society, till a large congregation was reduced to a handful. Where Socinianism found an entrance, its operations were quicker than those of the Arian creed, and more effectual: flourishing societies were reduced to a few families, which, being animated with zeal for the new opinions, or indifferent about any, chose to continue to support the mode of worship to which, from education or use, they were attached. In many places Socinianism was the abomination of desolation, and consigned what had been formerly the house of prayer and of the assemblies of the saints, an undisturbed abode to the spiders and the bats.”

Watts had inherited a large share of the original temptation,—that inward and spiritual temptation whereby man is incited to pluck the forbidden fruit. He approached too near the veil; and confiding in his own natural and cultivated acuteness, endeavouring, sometimes strictly, to define what the Scriptures have left indefinite, as if he were possessed of an intellectual prism with which he could decompose the Light of Light. There were times when he was conscious of this. Upon publishing some sermons, many years after they were written, in which he had expatiated on the nature of the Trinity, he confessed in a

note that these were "warmer efforts of imagination than riper years could indulge, on a theme so sublime and abstruse. Since I have searched more studiously," he says, "into the mystery of late, I have learned more of my own ignorance; so that when I speak of these unsearchables, I abate much of my younger assurance, nor do my later thoughts venture so far into the particular modes of explaining the sacred distinctions in the Godhead."

Yet he continued to search into the unsearchable. In the preface to the second part of his Dissertation on this awful subject, he says, "Perhaps it may be charged upon me, that I have not, in these Dissertations, exactly confined myself, in every punctilio, to the same sentiments which I had published some years ago, with relation to the doctrine of the Trinity; and particularly, that though I continue to maintain the supreme Deity of the Son and Spirit, yet that I have described the doctrine of their personality in stronger and more unlimited terms heretofore than I have done in these papers. Here let me give one general answer. When I apply myself with diligence to make further inquiries into the great doctrines of the Gospel, I would never make my own former opinions the standard of truth, and the rule by which to determine my future judgment. My work is always to lay the Bible before me, to consult that sacred and infallible guide, and to square and adjust all my sentiments by that certain and unerring rule. It is to the supreme Judge of controversies that I pay an unreserved submission, and would desire all further light from this fountain. I thank God that I have learned to retract my former sentiments and change them, when, upon stricter search and review, they appear less agreeable to the divine standard of faith. Though a sentence or two from any man's former writings may be able, perhaps, to confront his later thoughts, yet that is not sufficient to refute them. All that it will prove is this, that that man keeps his mind ever open to conviction, and that he is willing

and desirous to change a darker for a clearer idea. It will only declare to the world that he can part with a mistake for the hope of truth, that he dares confess himself a fallible creature, and that his knowledge is capable of improvement."

It cannot be doubted that Watts's intellectual bias inclined him toward the movement party: happily his natural piety and his deep sense of devotion withheld him from falling into their march of error. He left some pieces on the Trinitarian controversy, which the editors of his works said, "it was not judged necessary to publish." But any suspicion as to the main articles of his faith, which such a suppression might otherwise seem to warrant, is entirely precluded by their publishing his "Solemn Address to the great and ever-blessed God," on a review of what he had written upon the subject. It was designed for a preface to those pieces. If the limits of this Biographical Essay permitted, the whole of this extraordinary and most passionate supplication should be inserted here. The substance might be compressed into these words, 'Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief!' but in none of his other compositions has Watts written with such eloquence, such fulness of feeling, such agony of mind. As he had before done concerning eternal torments, he says and unsays, affirms and qualifies his affirmations; but that was a subject on which he speculated as one who felt that he had no personal interest in the question: here he is conscious of temptation, and apprehensive of sin. He declares his implicit submission to the Scriptures, yet complains that there should be anything in them which has not been revealed so as to be within reach of his capacity,—any mysteries which remain mysterious to him! Then again he entreats God to preserve him from the danger into which he runs who pursues such inquiries, and prays that he may "never be so unhappy as to unglorify his Father, his Saviour, or his Sanctifier," in any of his sentiments or expressions concerning them. Finally,

he appeals to the divine promises, and throws himself upon the divine mercy in this conclusion :

“ Blessed and faithful God, hast thou not promised that the meek thou wilt guide in judgment, the meek thou wilt teach thy way ? Hast thou not taught us by Isaiah thy prophet, that thou wilt bring the blind by a way which they know not, and wilt lead them in paths which they have not known ? Hast thou not informed us by thy prophet Hosea, that if we follow on to know the Lord, then we shall know him ? Hath not thy Son, our Saviour, assured us, that our heavenly Father will give his Holy Spirit to them who ask him ? And is he not appointed to guide us into all truth ? Have I not sought the gracious guidance of thy good Spirit continually ? Am I not truly sensible of my own darkness and weakness, my dangerous prejudices on every side, and my utter insufficiency for my own conduct ? Wilt thou leave such a poor creature, bewildered among a thousand perplexities, which are raised by the various opinions and contrivances of men, to explain thy divine truth ?

“ Help me, heavenly Father, for I am quite tired and weary of these human explainings, so various and uncertain. When wilt thou explain it to me thyself, O my God, by the secret and certain dictates of thy Spirit, according to the intimation of thy word ? Nor let any pride of reason, nor any affectation of novelty, nor any criminal bias whatsoever, turn my heart aside from hearkening to these divine dictates of thy word and thy Spirit. Suffer not any of my native corruptions, nor the vanity of my imagination, to cast a mist over my eyes while I am searching after the knowledge of thy mind and will, for my eternal salvation.

“ I entreat, O most merciful Father, that thou wilt not suffer the remnant of my short life to be wasted in such endless wanderings in quest of thee and thy Son Jesus, as a great part of my past days have been ; but let my sincere endeavours to know thee, in all the ways whereby thou

hast discovered thyself in thy word, be crowned with such success that, my soul being established in every needful truth by thy Holy Spirit, I may spend my remaining life according to the rules of thy gospel, and may, with all the holy and happy creation, ascribe glory and honour, wisdom and power, to thee who sittest upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever !”

It cannot be supposed that the disquisitions to which this address was to have been prefixed could contain an avowal of Socinian or Arian opinions. Socinianism he knew to be utterly untenable by any who take the Scriptures for their rule of faith ; upon this his judgment has been frequently and cogently given : there is not the slightest indication in any of his works of a tendency toward Arianism, and both are distinctly disclaimed in this memorable exposition of his own state of mind. His complaint was not that he could not believe all that is revealed, but that revelation had not extended further, and enabled him to comprehend the incomprehensible. Happy had it been for him, if he, who humbled his mind to the composition of songs and spelling-books for children, had applied to his own case our Saviour’s words, and in this instance become as a little child himself ! Happy had it been, because, during the whole course of his innocent, and otherwise most peaceful life, he seems never to have been assailed by any other temptation than this of the intellect, never to have been beset with any other troubles than those in which his own subtlety entangled him.

These, however, are the doubts which he “subdued, not in a martial posture, but upon his knees ;” in his own sense of insecurity and danger, in his struggles against temptation, in his trouble and agony of mind, the mischief ended. The cloud and the darkness came over him, the deep waters seemed rising to overwhelm him, but he clung to the Rock of his salvation, and “blessed God who had not suffered him to abandon the gospel of his Son

Jesus, and blessed the Holy Spirit who had kept him attentive to the truth disclosed in that Gospel." His theological works are all designed to enforce and vindicate that truth; and what he has recorded of the distress in which he involved himself, by his desire of becoming wise beyond what is written, may well deter others from coveting to taste of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

If Watts had flourished in the ages of the schoolmen, acute as he was, the appellation which his disciples would have devised to honour his name would have been derived rather from his piety and benevolence, his love of God and man, than from his metaphysical speculations; for even in those days it was by his virtues, by the Christian spirit which animated him, that this devout and amiable man would have been peculiarly characterised. He lived in better times, and was as fortunate in his station as in the age in which his lot was cast. In his own circle he enjoyed the highest reputation. The universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen spontaneously conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity; and Johnson has justly observed that "academical honours would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment." No circumstance, either public or private, tended to provoke in him any angry or acrimonious feelings. Strongly as he was attached to the general principle of nonconformity, there was no bitterness in his dissent; he lived not only in charity with all men, but on terms of good will and friendship with some of the most eminent of the clergy. All parties agreed in rendering justice to the benignity of his disposition, the usefulness of his labours, and the purity of his life.

It was from motives of gratitude towards Sir Thomas and Lady Abney that he first engaged in the humbler parts of education. His *Art of Reading and Writing English* was dedicated to their daughters, for whose use it was originally drawn up, at a time when, being capable of more public

work, he thought himself bound to make his best acknowledgment of the uncommon generosity and kindness which invited him into that family: this could be done, he said, in no way more grateful to them, nor more pleasing to himself, than by offering his assistance in the education of their children, then in their youngest years. The sense of a higher duty induced him to compose his Catechisms for their use, one for children of three or four years old, and a second for those of seven or eight, both intended as preparatory for the Assembly's shorter Catechism. "I well know," said he, "that some of my particular friends imagine my time is employed in too mean a service while I write for babes; but I content myself with this thought, that nothing is too mean for a servant of Christ to engage in if he can thereby most effectually promote the kingdom of his blessed Maker. Perhaps it is not proper for me to say, and the world will hardly believe, what pains have been taken in composing these Catechisms, with what care I have endeavoured to select the most easy and necessary parts of our religion, in order to propose them to the memory of children according to their ages; what laborious diligence has been used to seek out all the plainest and most familiar forms of speech, that the great things of God and the mysteries of the gospel might be brought down to the capacities of children. It is not for me to say how many hours and days and weeks have been spent in revising and examining every word and expression, that, if possible, nothing might be inserted which might give just occasion of offence to pious persons and families; that nothing might be left out which was necessary for children to know in that tender age; and that no word, phrase, or sentiment, if possible, might be admitted, which could not be brought in some measure within the reach of a child's understanding."

He accompanied this with what he called "A Preservative from the Sins and Follies of Childhood and Youth," or a brief account of the vices and frailties to which child-

hood and youth are liable, and of which they should be warned early; with arguments against them taken from reason and Scripture. This was drawn up in the way of question and answer, but it was not called a catechism, because he proposed it not to be learnt by heart, but to be frequently read and inculcated. He composed also catechisms of scriptural names, and of the more important transactions recorded in the Bible, and, in the same form, what he entitled "A Short View of the whole Scripture History," but which is in reality, as any such view must be, of considerable length. His love of children made him delight in employing himself for their instruction and amusement. He composed rhyming lines for copy-books, containing moral instruction, and beginning with every letter of the alphabet; copies, composed of short letters, for teaching to write even; and others, each line of which contained all the twenty-four letters. One stanza in his Art of Reading and Writing enumerates the twelve signs of the zodiac; and there are two others, in one of which the planets are described in their order according to the vulgar philosophy, which still, it seems, in his time, made the earth its centre; in the other the true system is expressed.

Dr. Johnson says, "he could not praise his poetry itself highly, but he could praise its design;"—and "this praise the general interest of mankind requires to be given to writers who please and do not corrupt, who instruct and do not decoy." No compositions of the kind have obtained such extensive use as his Hymns and Songs for Children. Doddridge relates, in a letter to him, an instance of the effect they produced, and the affectionate reverence with which his name was in consequence regarded. "I was preaching," he says, "to a large assembly of plain country people, at a village, when after a sermon from Hebrews vi. 12, we sang one of your hymns, (which, if I remember right, was the 140th of the second book,) and in that part of the worship I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the

eyes of several of the people: after the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected; and the clerk in particular said he could hardly utter the words as he gave them out." The hymn, indeed, was likely to have this effect upon an assembly whose minds were under the immediate impression produced by a pathetic preacher; and it is one of the advantages of devotional singing that they who bear a part in it affect themselves.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast,)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For him our pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heaven.

"They were most of them," Doddridge continues,
"poor people, who work for their living; yet on the men-

tion of your name, I found that they had read several of your books with delight; and that your Psalms and Hymns were almost their daily entertainment. And when one of the company said, 'What if Dr. Watts should come down to Northampton?' another replied, with remarkable warmth, 'The very sight of him would be as good as an ordinance to me!' I mention the matter just as it occurred, and am persuaded that it is only a familiar and natural specimen of what often takes place amongst a multitude of Christians who never saw your face."

"I have been in pain," says Colonel Gardiner in a letter to Doddridge, "lest that excellent person (Dr. Watts) should be called to heaven before I had an opportunity to let him know how much his works have been blessed in me, and of course to return him my hearty thanks; for though it is owing to the operation of the Blessed Spirit that anything works effectually upon our hearts, yet if we are not thankful to the instrument which God is pleased to make use of, which we do see, how shall we be thankful to the Almighty whom we have not seen? Well am I acquainted with his works, especially with his Psalms, Hymns, and Lyrics. How often, by singing some of them when by myself, on horseback and elsewhere, has the evil spirit been made to flee away,

Whene'er my heart in tune was found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

From such testimonies to the effect of his poems Watts must have received more heartfelt satisfaction than the highest degree of critical approbation and popular applause could have communicated to a mind like his.

Dr. Johnson, in what he says of him and his poems, has been equally mistaken concerning the species of poetry, and the characteristics of the author. He thought that the first attempt to employ the ornaments of romance in the decoration of religion was made by Mr. Boyle's Martyrdom of Theodora. This is not remarkable, because if he had

been as conversant with the stores of our earlier poetry as he was with almost any other department of general literature, he would not have commenced his collection of the British Poets (the first of its kind) with Cowley. But when he asserts that devotional poetry is unsatisfactory, because the paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction, it seems as if he had taken a most contracted and short-sighted view of the subject, and as if he had forgotten that of all poetry inspired poetry is the most figurative.

He says of Watts himself, in his poetical character, that his judgment was clear, and that he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment. Where was this judgment and this nice discernment when he professed his admiration of Sir Richard Blackmore, and went for an example of English heroic verse in his Grammar, to that knight's "excellent poem, called King Arthur"? But to this praise of Dr. Watts every reader will assent, that his thoughts are always religiously pure; "that he is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased:" "that happy will that reader be whose mind is disposed, by his verse or his prose, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God:" that "if he stood not in the first class of genius, he compensated this defect by a ready application of his powers to the promotion of piety;" and that "to those all human eulogies are vain, whom we believe applauded by angels and numbered with the just."

Feeble as Dr. Watts always was in body, and much as he had suffered from illness, he attained to a good old age. The conduct of some very near relations embittered his latter days, and for a while he seemed, being at the time in a state of extreme weakness, stupified by it to such a degree as hardly to take notice of anything about him. The worst part of this behaviour, which one of Doddridge's friends characterises as "most marvellous, infamous,

enormous wickedness," was concealed from him. "Lady Abney," says the writer, "keeps him in peaceful ignorance, and his enemies at a becoming distance; so that in the midst of this cruel persecution he lives comfortably; and when a friend asks him how he does, answers, 'Waiting God's leave to die.'" It was in this stage of his decay that he mentioned the observation of an aged minister, how "the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the gospel for their support as the common and unlearned; and so," said he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the gospel that are my support; and I bless God that they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

In this patient and peaceful state of mind, on the 26th of Nov. 1748, and in the 75th year of his age, he departed "in sure and certain hope." His body was deposited in the burial-ground of Bunhill-fields. His pupil, Sir John Har-
topp, and his true friend, Lady Abney, under whose roof he had partaken of all the comforts of affluence for six and thirty years, erected a handsome tomb over his grave; the epitaph he had composed himself, in these humble words:—

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

Pastor of a Church of Christ in London,
successor to

THE REV. JOSEPH CARYL, DR. JOHN OWEN, MR. DAVID
CLARKSON, AND DR. ISAAC CHAUNCEY;
after fifty years of feeble labours in the gospel,
interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness,
was at last dismissed to his rest.

In uno Jesu omnia.

2 Cor. v. 8. Absent from the body and present with the Lord.
Col. iii. 4. When Christ who is my life shall appear, then
shall I also appear with him in glory.

Keswick.

R. SOUTHEY.

PREFACE.

It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be en-slaved to vice and profaneness; that an art inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his 'right hand became glorious in power; when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the Red Sea; thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank like lead in the mighty waters,' *Exod.* xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world as

the darkness of that dispensation would admit: and now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of Heathenism the muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hezod addresses them is this:

Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,
Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in pious mischief, to deform her native beauty, and defile her honour. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound and delicacy of expression they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation, while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state.

The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poetry was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men! How will these allies of the nether-world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully requited at their hands! The reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them:

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at least that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but is too light and trivial a method to treat anything that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the Psalms best. They submit, indeed, to a dull hymn or two at

church, in tones of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves and their children that the beauties of poetry are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of unclean and abominable. 'Tis strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange than ever were read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the 'earth a trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: when the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.' *Judges* v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: 'Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence; then I heard a voice, saying, shall mortal man be more just than God?' &c. *Job*, iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace, *Job*. v. 21, &c. When Job speaks

of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! 'It is a region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister: and for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit.' *Job* i. 21, and xvii. 13. When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use! 'Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth.' *Job* xiii. 25, &c. 'Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance.' *Job* xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind than those which *Job* uses! (Chap. xxx.) and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: 'They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste; They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word,' &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! 'Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud: his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out, he goes

mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep.' I must transcribe one-half of this holy book, if I would show the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression: I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style; nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their dispositions so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, 'He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible.' When his holiness is mentioned, 'the heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: he looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: he is a jealous God, and a consuming fire.' If we speak of strength, 'Behold, he is strong: he removes the mountains, and they know it not: he overturns them in his anger: he shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble: he makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: the pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof.' And after all, 'these are but a portion of his ways: the thunder of his power who can understand?' His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. 'Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, what makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and lets the skies pour down

righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: he turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish.' His transcendent eminence above all things is most notly represented, when he 'sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: all nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: he takes up the isles as a very little thing: Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God,' nor are all the trees 'sufficient for the burning.' This God, before whom 'the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity.' 'To which of all the heathen gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?' And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world; how meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it; 'and the Lord said, let there be light, and there was light; let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold they are:' he commanded, and they appear and obey: 'by the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth:' this is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence.

His wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, are set before our eyes in the Scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When 'he arises out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are shaken because he is wrath : there goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence.' If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might use thunder and lightning too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph ; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in chariots of salvation. David beholds him riding 'upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH : he was mounted upon a cherub and did fly, he flew on the wings of the wind ;' and Habakuk 'sends the pestilence before him.' Homer keeps a mighty stir with his *Νεφεληγερετὰ Ζεὺς*, and Hesiod with his *Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης*. Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the 'clouds but the dust of his feet ; and when the Highest gives his voice in the heavens, hailstones and coals of fire follow.' A divine poet 'discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature ; at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.' When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinai, 'his glory covered the heavens ; he stood and measured the earth : he beheld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered : the perpetual hills did bow ; his ways are everlasting.' Then the prophet 'saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.' *Hab. iii.* Nor did the Blessed Spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes

dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: the divine license in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poetry to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his Proposal of Criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learned more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? shall the French poet* affright us by saying,

*'De la foy d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles,
D'ornemens egayés ne sont point susceptibles.'*

But the French critic, † in his Reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, "that the majesty of our religion, the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it, require a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style suited to the theme: sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture: let the preacher that aims at eloquence, read the prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech." And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

———*Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

As in the conduct of my studies with regard to Divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have

* Boileau.

† Rapin.

not perused the Bible with more frequency ; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day. I am sure the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Mons. Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies ! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened in those poems ! The Martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion ! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davids, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted.†

It is true indeed the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though

* Philomela.

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem entitled *Alfred*, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance, 1723. I am persuaded that many persons who despise this poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

they do utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelations seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories ; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song : here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis furnish out a Christian poem than a modern play ! There is nothing amongst all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days ; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger ; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree ; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever ; and the Sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring. The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the furies with snake hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet ; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy are so armed by wit and fancy as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it at least to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poetry: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings, and racks, and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hour, and ecstatic joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passions of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a Divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty! This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch. I

should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them ; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings, betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his Preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose ; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace, and the ancient lyrics ; I persuade myself, that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases ; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour ; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm translators ; I have contracted

and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

The title of this work assures my readers that poetry is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself, with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him choose such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to spy none. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination or leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poetry can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Psalms of David, in Christian language, which I have now promised the world.*

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one

* In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of heaven, or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: and, as the name *vates* belongs to both, so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace:

— Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum —

But what Juvenal spake in his age, abides true in ours: a complete poet or a prophet is such a one:

— Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in consort with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps, salvation, honour, and glory to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever.

May 14, 1709.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SACRED

TO

Devotion and Piety.

BOOK I.

SACRED
to
DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

Who dares attempt th' Eternal Name
With notes of mortal sound ?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

Destruction waits upon his frown,
And heaven attends his smile ;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

Celestial King, our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye
To reach thy lofty seat.

In thee what endless wonders meet !
What various glory shines !
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise,
If thou unveil thy grace ;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' Eternal All.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod :
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

The Almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realm resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of being pay
Deep reverence to his name.

He spake ; the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day :
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars ;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by the eternal pen.

His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine :
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies ;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
Look thro' the clouds, and bless me with his eyes.
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves and must obey ;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep :
The north wind blusters and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep ;
Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores ;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng !)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear ; no more blaspheme :
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath ;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings ;
And flocks and herds and nations die ;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale ; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease and cruel death,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd Divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath :
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death :
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,

And bear down with a mighty sweep
 The riches of the fields, and honours of the woods ;
 Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
 And bury millions in the waves ;
 Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
 Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves ;
 While you dispense your mortal harms,
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

O for a message from above
 To bear my spirit up !
 Some pledge of my Creator's love
 To calm my terrors and support my hope !
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine :
 While thou art Sov'reign, I'm secure ;
 I shall be rich till thou art poor ;
 For all I fear, and all I wish, heav'n, earth, and hell are
 thine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy,
 Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
 That grey experience writes for giddy youth
 On every mortal joy—
 " Pleasure must be dash'd with pain !"
 And yet with heedless haste,
 The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
 Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
 The rills of pleasure never run sincere ;
 (Earth has no unpolluted spring ;)
 From the cur'd soil some dang'rous taint they bear ;
 So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky ;
The world has false, but flatt'ring charms :
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye ;
In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth with her scenes of gay delight
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours and false light ;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon ;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant toward the eternal hills :
Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem ;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

FELICITY ABOVE.

No, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can n'er be found
'Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod ;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace ;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his face.

Why move my years in slow delay ?
O God of ages ! why ?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay ;
Take—take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days ;
My inward pow'rs shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name,
I would not speak but for my God, nor move but to his
praise.

What are my eyes but aids to see
The Glories of the Deity
Inscrib'd with beams of light,

On flow'rs and stars ? Lord, I behold
The shining azure, green, and gold ;
But when I try to read thy name a dimness veils my sight.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains, or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in :
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so senseless lie when sacred hymns begin ?

Change me, O God ! my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire :
My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise conspire.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string, or show my zeal in
death.

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see ;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round—
You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of Grace—
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
“ Father, they know not what they do ! ”

Great advocate ! look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed :
O plead the same excuse for me ;
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints ; let every groan
Be still, and silence wait his love :
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And through his inmost bowels move.

Lo, from the everlasting skies
Gently, as morning-dews distil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds !
Sweet the relief to deep distress !
I feel the balm that heals my wounds
And all my powers adore the grace.

THE HUMBLE ENQUIRY.

A FRENCH SONNET IMITATED.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the sparks of wrath ! how slow they move !
And drop and die in boundless seas of love !

But me, vile wretch ! should pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash, and burn me thro' the boundless space.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine honour bids, avenge thine injur'd name,
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame,

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

Yet can those bolts of death, that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THREE GREAT
SALVATIONS, viz.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588 ;—2. From the Gunpowder-Plot, Nov. 5, 1605 ;—3. From Popery and Slavery, by King William, of glorious memory, who landed Nov. 5, 1688.

Composed, Nov. 5, 1695.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thou a whole heaven of angels praise,
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles ;
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand,
Firm as the everlasting hills."

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd ;
Its billows swelled against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

"Come," said the sons of bloody Rome,
"Let us provide new arms from hell :"
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cells.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulph'rous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay ;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright but dismal day.

Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love that guards our island round ;
Strange ! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord ;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers of an Irish soul
Ran, threat'ning death, through every town.

The Roman priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

'Tis done, they cried, and laughed aloud,
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But, lo, the great Deliverer sails,
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gales,
Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day, and happy year,*
Both in our new salvation meet:
The day that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt the invading fleet.†

Now did thine arm, O God of hosts,
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright,
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lined the way,
And guarded William to his throne;
There, ye celestial warriors stay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky:
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their hallelujahs high.

All hallelujah, heavenly King!
While distant lands thy victory sing,
And tongues their utmost powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

* Nov. 5, 1688.

† Nov. 5, 1688.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the heav'ns my God retires—
My God, the mark of my desires—
And hides his lovely face;
When he descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chase.

Or if I reach unusual height
Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shine;
Infinite rays in crossing lines
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my
soul.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What single strength in vain designs,
United force hath done;
Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the sea ;)
But the whole race of creature-souls,
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunged and are
lost in thee.

Great God, behold my reason lies
Adoring; yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own:
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackless seas of light,
To thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

OfT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
They groan'd aloud with frightened eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their profit too ;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings ;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance, in light,
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And not a flaw reveal'd,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of heaven beheld.

But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.

O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
'Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

Psalm cxlviii. Paraphrased.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
JESUS the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore:

While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters bend their fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While growling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

ARM thee with thunder, heavenly muse,
And keep th' expecting world in awe;
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadful law;
To Israel first the words were spoke,
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke :
Inhuman bondage ! The hard galling load
Over-press'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their faith to God.

Now had they pass'd the Arabian bay,
And march'd within the cleaving sea ;
The rising waves stood guardians of their wond'rous way,
But fell with most impetuous force,
On the pursuing swarms,
And buried Egypt all in arms,
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and his horse :
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.

Apis and Ore* in vain he cries,
And all his horned Gods beside,
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he died.

Ah ! foolish Israel to comply
With Memphian idolatry !
And bow to brutes, (a stupid slave,)
To idols impotent to save !
Behold thy God, the Sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And raised thine honours high ;
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law :
Prepare to meet thy God in haste ;
But keep an awful distance still :
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark ! the loud echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near ;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear :
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That time shall be no more.

* Horus or Orus, son of Osiris and Isis, one of the Egyptian Deities.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty ; round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell ;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet :
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
Lift up your heads, eternal doors, he cries ;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.
Heav'n's mighty pillows bow'd their head,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems :
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o'er th' ethereal road :
Down through his magazines he past
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow ;
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow,
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful light ;
He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream :
He spoke, and (tho' with unknown speed he came),
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious fight ;
With axle red, and glowing wheel
Did the wing'd chariot light,
And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.

Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
 Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
 The stately pyramids of fire ;
 The pyramids to heav'n aspire,
 And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring higher.
 So have you seen ungrateful ivy grow
 Round the tall oak that six score years has stood,
 And proudly shoot a leaf or two
 Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
 And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

Fresh horrors seize the camp, despair
 And dying groans torment the air,
 And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there ;
 The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
 Spread through the host a wild amaze ;
 Darkness on every soul, paleness on every face :
 Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
 Let Moses speak, or Israel dies :
 Moses the spreading terror feels,
 No more the man of God conceals
 His shivering and surprise :
 Yet, with recovering mind commands
 Silence and deep attention thro' the Hebrew bands.
 Hark ! from the centre of the flame,
 All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
 Majestic sounds break through the smoky cloud
 Sent from the all-creating tongue,
 A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
 And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

" I am the Lord : 'Tis I proclaim
 That glorious and that fearful name,
 Thy God and King : 'Twas I that broke
 Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke ;
 Mine is the right to speak my will,
 And thine the duty to fulfil.

Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine eyes ;
 Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men devise ;
 With rev'rence use my name, nor turn my words to jest ;
 Observe my Sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest ;
 Honour and due obedience to thy parents give ;
 Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live :
 Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th' unlawful bed ;
 Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his bread.
 Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or deceit ;
 Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c

Ecclesiastes, xii.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
 Your early honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.

The memory of his mighty name
 Demands your first regard,
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame
 Till you have lov'd the Lord.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
 Before the mournful day,
 When youth and mirth are known no more,
 And life and strength decay.

No more the blessings of a feast
 Shall relish on the tongue,
 The heavy ear forgets to taste
 The pleasure of a song.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death that never spares.

What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies ?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight ?

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence ?

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall ;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load,)
Uncleans'd, and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleased in death ;

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed !
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place ;
For when grim death has lost his sting
He has an angel's face.

Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Oh ! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet ;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame !

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride their beauties spread
To show thy skillful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spills all that I perform :
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

TRUE LEARNING.

PARTLY IMITATED FROM A FRENCH SONNET OF
M. POIRET.

HAPPY the feet that shining Truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind:
The truth they show lies wrapp'd in sevenfold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought :
What empty triflings, and what subtle ways,
To fence and guard by rule and rote !
Our God will never charge us that we knew them not.

Touch, heav'nly Word, O touch these curious souls ;
Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
He grasps whole nature in his single hand ;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where they stand.

Without his aid I have no sure-defence
From troops of errors that besiege me round ;
But he that rests his reason and his sense
Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Immovable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite truth ! the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me ;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires :
But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art :
All nature silent in his presence stand—
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
 Away from sense and every outward show :
 Nor let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
 My knowledge now on wheels of fire
 May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heav'nly light,
 And pours whole floods on such a mind as this :
 Fled from the eyes she gains a piercing sight—
 She dives into the infinite,
 And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom wisdom guides
 In her own path to her own heavenly seat ;
 Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
 Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
 That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
 And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
 Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
 He smiles, and sees them vainly try
 To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our headstrong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
 Start, and flee raging in a violent course :
 He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,
 Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
 And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
Whilst he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh ! 'tis mighty toll to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art ;
What manly courage to sustain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart !

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds,
To rend and tear out his unhappy love,
That clings so close about our minds,
And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters : I can bear
Awhile to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heav'n is my home, and I must use my wings ;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires :
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things ;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown :
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine ;
Nor, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
 He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire,
 My flesh below ; yet I can dwell above,
 And nearer to my Saviour move:
 There all my soul shall centre, all my pow'rs conspire.

Thus I with angels live; thus half divine
 I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
 Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine;
 His glory is my great design;
 That everlasting project all my thought employs.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
 Fire, air, and earth, and stars, and seas,
 I call them all thy slaves;
 Commission'd by my Father's will,
 Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill;
 Vernal suns, or Zephyr's breath
 May burn or blast the plants to death
 That sharp December saves;
 What can winds or planets boast
 But a precarious pow'r?
 The sun is all in darkness lost,
 Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
 When he appoints the hour.

Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky
 Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,
 Their frozen limbs awake and glow;
 The vital flame, touch'd with a strange supply,

Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh ;
 He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
 Cold steel expos'd to northern air,
 Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight bear,
 And burns th' unwary stranger there.

Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
 Look back two thousand years, and see
 Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
 For boasting to be absolute :
 Once to his court the God of Israel came,
 A King more absolute than he.
 I see the furnace blaze with rage
 Sevenfold : I see amidst the flame
 Three Hebrews of immortal name ;
 They move, they walk across the burning stage
 Unhurt and fearless where the tyrant stood
 A statue ; fear congeal'd his blood ;
 Nor did the raging element dare
 Attempt their garments or their hair ;
 It knew the Lord of nature there.
 Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,
 Now breaks her own eternal laws,
 Now seems to break them, and obeys
 Her Sov'reign King in different ways.
 Father, how bright thy glories shine !
 How broad thy kingdom, how divine !
 Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance are thine.

Hence from my heart ye idols flee,
 Ye sounding names of vanity !
 No more my lips shall sacrifice
 To chance and nature, tales and lies :
 Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.
 What is the sun, or what the shade,
 Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save ?

His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead !
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

THE INFINITE.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our Eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be !
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace ;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole ;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

ALAS, my aching heart !
Here the keen torment lies ;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumb'ring eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.

My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine,
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries !

He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

JESUS the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shows the prints of love.

But I, a senseless fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood?

The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upwards to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

Lord, I'm ashamed to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit grieved away,
To his own realms of love.

Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)
Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,
 Dear Saviour, from thy face !
 This rebel-heart no more withstands,
 But sinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
 Here at thy cross I lie ;
 And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
 And weep, and love, and die.

" Rise," says the Prince of Mercy, " rise,"
 With joy and pity in his eyes,
 " Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
 Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

" See my great Father reconciled :"
 He said. And lo, the Father, smil'd ;
 The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
 And sounded grace on all their strings.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Psalm cxlviii. 12.

SONS of Adam, bold and young,
 In the wild mazes of whose veins
 A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
 And wield your active limbs with hardy sinews strung ;
 Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
 Whence your precarious pow'rs depend ;
 Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
 But choose your Maker for your friend ;
 His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
 His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes short.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And shoot delicious danger thence;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense;
Boast not of those withering charms
That must yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms:
But love the Author of your smiling face;
That heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours;
O make it your perpetual care
To please that Everlasting Fair;
His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

Infants, whose different destinies
Are wove with threads of different size;
But from the same spring-tide of tears,
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train;) and date your following years:
Break your first silence in his praise
Who wrought your wondrous frame:
With sounds of tenderest accents raise
Young honours to his name;
And consecrate your early days
To know the pow'r supreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Through flow'ry fields, a fair long summer's day;
Gasp out your soul in praises to the Sovereign pow'r
That set your west so distant from your dawning hour.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand !
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way ;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God !
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree
Thy great designs fulfil ;

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey ;
And flesh and sense, enslaved to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee ?
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me ?

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine ;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand :
Here all my pow'rs I bring ;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove ;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall !
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command :
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There rests the earth, there rolls the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grovelling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you !
Heaven is my native air :
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releast
From their old fleshy clod ;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste
And set me near my God.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING.

HE dies ! the heavenly Saviour dies !
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings : deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear bosom of your God,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But lo, what sudden joys I see !
Jesus the dead revives again !

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our Great Deliverer reigns,
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, live for ever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE.

Attempted in the English Sapphic.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
 And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
 Rushing armain down ;

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 (If things eternal may be like those earthly,)
 Such the dire terror when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation ;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
 See the graves open, and the bones arising—
 Flames all around them !

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Stop here, my fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas :) come, arise to Jesus !
How he sits, God-like ! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring !

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detained me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes ;
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

There the dear man, my Saviour, sits,
The God, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man !
(The God resides within ;)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wondrous things he said !
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays ;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye ;
He spoke, and at the sov'reign sound
The hellish legions fly.

Thus while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love ;

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise ;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath ;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud Hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The victories he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
Oh, for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies!

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the man I love.

THE FAREWELL.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so
Be dark mine eyes, and deaf mine ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care ;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare ?

Begone for ever, mortal things !
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell !
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, heaven ! and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good ;
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE Lord, how fearful is his name !
How wide is his command !
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe ;
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas,
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

"CURST be the man, for ever curst,
That doth one wilful sin commit;
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief, and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.

"Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) "Forgive!"
And every groan and gaping wound
Cry, "Father, let the rebels live!"

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toll, and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red shall pass me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD.

"O mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice," &c.
CASTMIRE, Book III. Od. 28.

ETERNAL mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,
With one unchang'd decree;

While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore:
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose:
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom: greedy swords
Carve it amongst a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor: but, Lord, I pray,
To sit and smile with thee.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

"How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth design'd
To enclose a heavenly star?"

" Weak cottage where our souls reside !
This flesh a tott'ring wall ;
With frightful breaches gaping wide
The building bends to fall.

" All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll :
Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
And pain the tenant soul.

" Alas ! how frail our state !" said I ;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air ;
Then she remember'd heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sang the frailty of her clay,
In pleasurable strains.

" How weak the pris'n is where I dwell !
Flesh but a tottering wall,
The breaches certainly foretel,
The house must shortly fall.

" No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache ;
Welcome, disease, and every pain,
That makes the cottage shake !

" Now let the tempest blow all round,
 Now swell the surges high,
 And beat this house of bondage down,
 To let the stranger fly.

" I have a mansion built above,
 By the eternal hand ;
 And should the earth's old basis move
 My heav'nly house must stand.

" Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
 (I long to see the God,)
 And his immortal strength sustains
 The courts that cost him blood."

Hark ! from on high my Saviour calls :
 " I come, my Lord, my love !"
 Devotion breaks the prison walls,
 And speeds my last remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt ! advent'rous he,
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea ;
 And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
 I see the surging brine : the tempest raves :
 He on the pine-plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves :
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.*

* Illi robur et *ma* triplex
 Circa pectus erat, &c. Hor. I. 2.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies—
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

How long shall Death, the tyrant, reign?
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing !

DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

O WHY is piety so weak,
And yet the muse so strong ?
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long ?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heav'nly day ;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray.
Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine from the sky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way ;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest muse can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
Spreads she her gay delusive scenes ;
Or is the vision true ?
Behold Religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions vast and bright within my spacious
view.
She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away ;
I feel mine airy powers loosen from the cumbrous clay,
And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high command.

What lengths and heights and depths unknown !
 Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
 And seas and skies and stars her own,
 In an unmeasur'd sphere !
 What heavens of joy, and light serene,
 Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
 Where nor the roving muse has been
 That greater traveller !
 A long farewell to all below,
 Farewell to all that sense can show,
 To golden scenes and flow'ry fields,
 To all the worlds that fancy builds,
 And all that poets know.
 Now the swift transports of the mind
 Leave the fluttering muse behind.
 A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scatt'ring down the
 wind.
 Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,
 The rapture grows too strong :
 The feeble pow'rs that nature gave
 Faint, and drop downward to the grave ;
 Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death ;
 I will no more demand my tongue,
 Till the gross organ well refin'd
 Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,
 And raise an equal song.

AD DOMINUM NOSTRUM ET SERVATOREM
JESUM CHRISTUM.

ODA.

Te, grande numen, corporis incola,
 Te, magna magni progenies patris,
 Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
 Vox, citharæ, calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores Avernî,
Victum Erebum, domitansque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvère, blando dum patris in sinu
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus ;

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros nepotes :

Vidit minaces vindictis angeli
Ignes et ense, telaque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebea monstra.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensère flammæ, Omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensaque amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

“ Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
Hosti triumphos : quid patris et labor
Dulcisque imago ? num peribunt
Funditus ? O prius astra cæcis.

“ Mergantur undis, et redeat chaos :
Aut ipse disperdam Satanzæ dolos,
Aut ipse disperdar, et isti
Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ,

"Testor paternum numen, et hoc caput
Æquale testor:" Dixit; et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desiliitque ruens Olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro,

Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonantis iræ! O lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitque fructus.

Non poena lenis! quò ruis impotens!
Quò musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensère numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit. "Nil agis imple,
Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
Hoc findet undas fulmen:" inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes,

Trajectit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbraeque flammæ æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcípites cecidere coelo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Hæc strata passim vincula, et hæc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilent
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Llmina scandit ovans Olympi!

"Io triumphe" plectra seraphica,
"Io triumphe" grex hominum sonat,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra reperiunt triumphos.

SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, Wattsi ? cur incola terræ ?
 Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum ?
 Te caro mille malis premit ; hinc juvenes gravat artus
 Languor, et hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
 Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit ; auceps
 Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
 Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra.
 Tramitem, et aula vocat parta cruore Del.
 Te manet Uriel dux ; et tibi subjicit alas
 Stellatas seraphim officiosa cohors.
 Te supernùm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,
 “ Huc ades et nostro tempora conde sinu.”
 Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
 Inde, nec alliciunt angelus, astra, Deus.

EXCITATIO CORDIS CÆLUM VERSUS.

1694.

HEU quod sæcla teris carcere corporis,
 Wattsi ? quid refugis limen et exitum ?
 Nec mens æthereum culmen, et atria
 Magni patris anhelitat ?

Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
 Circum corda volant et dolor, et metus,
 Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
 Cæcas insidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
 Surgunt : Christus abest, delicias tunc,
 Longè Christus abest, inter et angelos
 Et picta astra perambulans.

* Coeli summi petas, nec jaculabitur
 Iracunda tonans fulmina : te Deus
 Hortatur ; Vacuum tende per aëra
 Pennas nunc homini datas.

BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

CASIMIRE, BOOK I. OD. 19. IMITATED.

Urit me patriæ decor, &c.

THE beauty of my native land
 Immortal love inspires ;
 I burn, I burn with strong desires,
 And sigh, and wait the high command.
 There glides the moon her shining way,
 And shoots my heart thro' with a silver ray,
 Upward my heart aspires :
 A thousand lamps of golden light
 Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
 And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
 O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
 Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
 Where all the happy minds resort,
 When will my Father's chariot come ?

* Vide Horat. lib. i. Od. 2.

Must ye for ever walk the ethereal round,
 For ever see the mourner lie
 An exile of the sky,
 A prisoner of the ground?
 Descend some shining servants from on high,
 Build me a hasty tomb;
 A grassy turf will raise my head;
 The neighbouring lilies dress my bed;
 And shed a sweet perfume.
 Here I put off the chains of death,
 My soul too long has worn:
 Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
 Or tear to wet my urn;
 Raphael, behold me all undrest,
 Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
 Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
 Swift I pursue thee, flaming gulde, on pinions of my own.

CASIMIRI EPIGRAMMA 100.

In Sanctum Ardalionem qui, ex Mimo Christianus factus,
 Martyrium passus est.

ARDALIO sacros deridet carmine ritus,
 Festaque non sequâ voce theatra quatit,
 Audlit Omnipotens, "Non est opus," inquit, "hiulco
 Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum."
 Deserit illa polos. et deserit iste theatrum,
 Et tereti sacrum volvît in ense caput,
 "Sic, sic," inquit, "abit nostræ comœdia vitæ;
 Terra vale! cœlum plaude! tyranne feri!"

ENGLISHED.

On Saint Ardalion, who from a Stage-player became a
Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

Heaven heard, and straight around the smoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmured to be gone.

Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calmed the loud thunder, "There's no need of you ;
Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks :

" So goes the comedy of life away ;
Vain earth, adieu ! heaven will applaud to-day ;
Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

*The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly
dedicated to Divine Love. **

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE CREATURES.

WHERE'ER my flutt'ring passions rove,
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

Nature has soft but powerful bands,
And reason she controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.

* Different ages have their different airs and fashions of writing. It was much more the fashion of the age, when these poems were written, to treat of Divine subjects in the style of Solomon's Song than it is at this day, which will afford some apology for the writer in his younger years. [The Editor has, in this portion of the volume, liberally availed himself of the right of omission which his plan afforded him. In excluding a considerable number of those metrical imitations of the mystic divines which follow in former editions, he believes he is consulting a principle more entitled to respect than the taste peculiar to any single age. Pure as was the mind of Dr. Watts—and its purity was equal to the lucid clearness of his style—he has, in many of these pieces, made so bold a use of the sensible imagery proper to amatory verse, that while the unspiritual reader is apt to linger, if not finally to rest, in the mere external sense, there is no small danger, at least in these times, lest the more pious and refined should experience a feeling bordering on disgust.]

Thoughtless they act th' old serpent's part ;
What tempting things they be !
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee !

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

Dear Saviour, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free ;
Thou in thyself art bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

If love, that pleasing power, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art,
Allure my eyes in vain :
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast :
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and lust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Flies downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

He glides along by mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings,
To reach the realms above.

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

Nor the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God :
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell :
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

Kindly he seised me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet ;
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,

I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath :
And through that heaven of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death ;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly ;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore, and die.

LOVE ON A CROSS, AND A THRONE.

Now let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love ;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the cross,
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died ;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his Almighty Father's side.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
 How much I love my dying God ?
 Lord, here I banish every foe,
 I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
 My dearest lusts shall all depart ;
 But let thine image ever dwell
 Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

In imitation of Isaiah, lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God,
 Comes marching downward from the skies,
 Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
 With joy and pity in his eyes ?

The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes 'tis he,
 I know him by the smiles he wears :
 Dear Glorious Man that died for me,
 Drench'd deep in agonies and tears !

Lo, he reveals his shining breast ;
 I own those wounds, and I adore :
 Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
 Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore ;

Whence flow these favours so divine ?
 Lord, why so lavish of thy blood ?
 Why for such earthly souls as mine,
 This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food ?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'm tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms:
Their conversation cloy; ;
Their vain amours and empty stuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy blest company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness
long.

There, while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,

Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep and love and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for
me.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears :
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There's a strange joy beats round my heart !
The cursed tree has blessings in't my sweetest balm it
bears.

I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell.
And all the powers beneath ;
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song ;
“ How has the Serpent lost his sting, and where's thy vic-
tory, Death ?”

But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart-
He sets my soul on fire :
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense de-
sire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains :
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart :
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head sus-
tains.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
 And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
 And tales of wanton love:
 My soul disdains that little snare,
 The tangles of Amira's hair : *
 Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my heart
 remove.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING.

Solomon's Song, i. 3, ii. 5, and vi. 5.

TELL me, fairest of thy kind,
 Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
 Where this fainting head reclin'd
 May relieve such cares as mine:
 Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
 If burning noon infect the sky
 The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
 The sheep not half so faint as I,
 Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breast,
 Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest:
 Why should I appear like one
 Wild and wand'ring all alone,
 Unbeloved and unknown?

* To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Nemora's hair.

LYCIDAS.

O my great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray ;
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love ?

I cannot bear the thought, that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace ;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills ;
His absence is perpetual smart,
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head ?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
To endure the ecstasy ;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward powers sustain,
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God again.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Amongst the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine.

O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward will ;
Unveil thy beauties, though I faint.
Send the great herald from the sky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more :
Then shall I gaze with strengthen'd sight
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

'Tis pure delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name ;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast ;
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay :
Let love refine my blood :
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace—
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

SWEET was the journey to the sky
The wondrous prophet tried :
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die ;"
The prophet clim'd and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave ;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face :
What though a short eclipse his beauties shroud
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud :
He is my Sun though he refuse to shine ;
Though for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.

Dear Sov'reign, hear thy servant pray,
Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring ;
Or shall I breathe in vain, and pant my hours away ;
Break, glorious Brightness, through the gloomy veil :
Look how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell :
But Thou, my Sun, and Thou, my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field,
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times—but ah ! those times are gone
When wondrous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays :
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again.

And smiling triumph sat on every face;
Our spirits raptur'd with the sight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise,
Here I could say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day,
From my descending God :
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above ;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While my Emmanuel was there :
And o'er my head
The Conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

Then why my heart sunk down so low ?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn ?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, to prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy ;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

WHEN shall thy glorious face be seen ?
When shall our eyes behold our God ?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt, a heavy load !

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears :
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains ;
Let the eternal pillars bow :
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom :
Come Thou, the Soul of all our joys,
Thou, the Desire of nations, come.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown.
Thou Fairest of ten thousand fairs.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne ;
We rise away from mortal things
To attend thy shining chariot down.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

O for a shout of violent joys,
To join the trumpet's thundering sound !
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs ;
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay ;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet with unknown flights
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the woe'ring world in fire.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

ETERNAL Power ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thy height with wond'ring eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

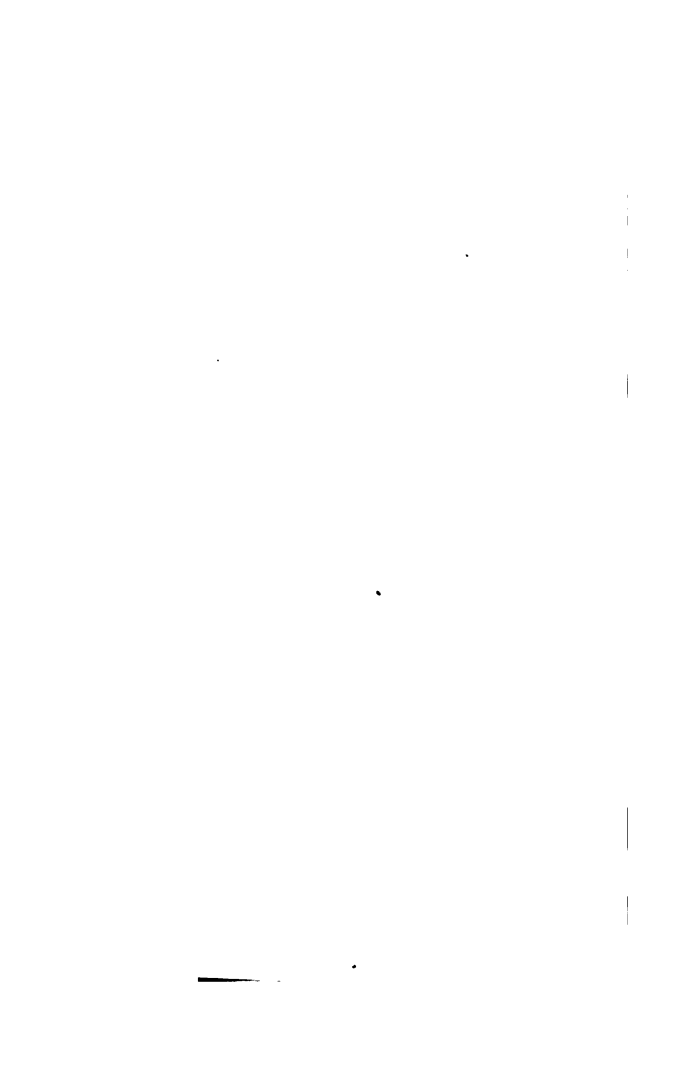
Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
"The Great, the Holy, and the High!"

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lap thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and man below;
Be short, our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Tibi silet, O Deus.—Psalm xlv. 1.

END OF BOOK I.



HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SACRED

TO

Virtue, Honour, and Friendship.

BOOK II.

SACRED
TO
VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

Retired from Business.

ANGELS are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows.

But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

He that has treasures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind.
Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day;
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confined.

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.,

AFTERWARDS LORD BARRINGTON,

On Mr. Locke's dangerous Sickness, some time after he had
retired to study the Scriptures.

AND must the man of wondrous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
Forsake our longing eyes?
Reason at length submits to wear
The wings of Faith; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the skies.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own:
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copied in his son.

Thus when our follies or our faults
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise:
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true interest* in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

* The Interest of England, written by Mr. Shute.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain ;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh ! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan ?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone ?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain :
For love and joy were once allied,
And must be join'd again.

TO NATHANIEL GOULD, ESQ.

'Tis not by splendour, or by state,
Exalted mien, or lofty gait,
My muse takes measure of a king :

If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds enslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have engrost
A larger heap of shining dust,
And bear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The sounding names of high and great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ships to run
And search the traffic of the sea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the western mines away,
Or richer spices from the rising sun :
While the glad tenants of the shore,
Shout and pronounce him senator,*
Yet still the man's the same :
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy fame.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean controul
Of flesh and sense, to which we're tied ;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up through the skies ;
Farewell this barren land :
We ken the heavenly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirit lies,
And beckoning angels stand.

* Member of parliament for a port in Sussex.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

THE LIFE OF SOULS.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day,
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
’Tis air that lends us life, when first
The vital bellows heave :
Our flesh we borrow of the dust ;
And when a mother’s care has nursed
The babe to manly size, we must
With usury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame :
And plants and roots, of barbarous name,
Torn from the Indian shore.
Thus we support our tott’ring flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson, with his awful power,
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
A despicable prey ;
I’d have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on heaven alone ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vig'rous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heaven shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.

He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And chest the beams with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Croesus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas ! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own !

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Croesus himself can never know ;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.

TO SARISSA,

AN EPISTLE.

BEAR up, Sarissa, through the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world : tread down the cares,
Those rugged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the Muse,
She sings experienc'd truth : this briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.

We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measured a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares,
Well 'scaped. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finished labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: the sailors safe,
Look far astern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; buried deep in night
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of Fate's immortal Now divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars

Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us ; every grief we feel
Shortens the destined number : every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period : O celestial point
That ends this mortal story !

But if a glimpse of light, with flattering ray,
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wandering fire,
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor ; faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death !
Should vicious pleasure take an angel form
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treach'rous, to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof ; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze : the just delight
That heaven indulges lawful must obey
Superior powers : nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size : If it approach your feet,
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart : Still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections : leave the globe,
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind,
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets ; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs ;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent :

Hold fast the golden chain,* let down from heav'n,
 'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
 Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
 It guides the way unerring: Happy clue
 Through this dark wild! 'Twas wisdom's noblest work,
 All joined by Power Divine, and every link is love.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

PARADISE.

YOUNG as I am, I quit the stage,
 Nor will I know th' applauses of the age;
 Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
 A life not half worn-out with cares,
 Or agonies, or years;
 I leave my country all in tears,
 But Heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
 Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
 The remnant of my days,
 If ye have patience, and can bear
 A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the race.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,
 And waves his golden rod:
 "Angel, I come, lead on the way:"
 And now by swift degrees
 I sail aloft through azure seas,
 Now tread the milky road:
 Farewell, ye planets, in your spheres;
 And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.

* The Gospel.

In haste for Paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought:
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light and all th' etherial waste,
And to the sacred borders brought;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul, and view th' amazing scenes;
Supported by the flying muse,
Now let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all the empyreal plains.

Noon stands eternal here: here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light;

Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleasure through all thy bosom reign;
The laws forbid that stranger, pain,
And banish every care.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise;
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from ev'ry root;
Here may thy greedy senses feast
While ecstasy and health attends on every taste.
With the fair prospect charm'd I stood;
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuse salvation from the silver flood,
Nor can excess be there.

In sacred order rang'd along,
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal song.
Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds and mighty things,
Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds like the softer viol, sweet,
And, like the trumpet strong.
Divine attention held my soul,
I was all ear !

Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,
I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there ;
" Could he but hear these notes," I said,
" His tuneful soul would never bear
The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
But burst the vital cords to reach the happy dead."

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable name,
But faints confounded by the notes divine:
Again my soul th' unequal honour sought,
Again her utmost force she brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of the unwieldy thought.
Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice ;
The immortal labour strained my feeble frame,
Broke the bright vision, and dissolv'd the dream ;
I sunk at once and lost the skies :
In vain I sought the scenes of light
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around them stood my curtains and the night.

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I'm borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold :
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

" Are these the things (my passion cried)
That we call men ? Are these allied
To the fair worlds of light ?
They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
Grav'n on their minds with pointed flame
In strokes divinely bright.

" Wretches ! they hate their native skies ;
If an ethereal thought arise,
Or spark of virtue shine,
With cruel force they damp its plumes,
Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
With business, lust, or wine.

" Lo ! how they throng with panting breath
The broad descending road
That leads unerring down to death,
Nor miss the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
The unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtilo mounting high,
 I know his candid soul afar :
 Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly
 Each like a rising star,
 Charin I see and Fidea there,
 I see them help each other's flight,
 And bless them as they go ;
 They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
 And leave their loads of mortal care,
 But not their love below.
 On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
 The temple of their God :
 With morning incense up they rise
 Sublime, and through the lower skies
 Spread their perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,
 " Mark (said he) that happy pair,
 Marriage helps devotion there :
 When kindred minds their God pursue
 They break with double vigour through
 The dull incumbent air."
 Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
 My soul adores and sings,
 " Blest be the pow'r that springs their flight,
 That streaks their path with heavenly light,
 That turns their love to sacrifice,
 And joins their zeal for wings."

TO MR. C. AND MR. S. FLEETWOOD.

FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
 Despise the joys that fools pursue ;
 Bubbles are light and brittle too,
 Born of the water and the air.

Tried by a standard bold and just,
Honour and gold, and paint and dust;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind, and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

The soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mould'ring corpee, and leaves the globe be-
hind.

In limbs of clay though she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The flesh is but the soul's disguise,
There's nothing in her frame, kin to the dress she wears:
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, from all we see
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on.
Swift the approach, and solemn is the day
When this immortal mind,
Script of the body's coarse array,
To endless pain or endless joy
Must be at once consigned.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
None we possess of all the past,

None but the present is our own ;
 Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
 'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
 Bright and declining as a setting sun.
 See the white minutes wing'd with haste :
 The NOW that flies may be the last ;
 Seize the salvation ere 'tis past,
 Nor mourn the blessing gone :
 A thought's delay is ruin here,
 A closing eye, a gasping breath
 Shuts up the golden scene in death,
 And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

CASIMIR, LIB. II. OD. 2. IMITATED.

Quæ tegit canas modo bruma valles, &c.

MARK how it snows ! how fast the valley fills !
 And the sweet groves the hoary garments wear ;
 Yet the warm sun-beams bounding from the hills
 Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

But when old age has on your temples shed
 Her silver frost, there's no returning sun ;
 Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's fled,
 When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys
 are gone.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow
 Stiek fast upon you ; not the rich array,
 Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough
 Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down;
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heavenly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day;
Thus, Blackbourn, we should leave our names our
 heirs;
Old Time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

TRUE MONARCHY.

1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute: and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes Heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dyed in the people's blood ; not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars.
A monarch's he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them ; when he stands alone
Makes his own camp ; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light ; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battallions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, Pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness,) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound ;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom : sit above the globe,
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armour, climb the height

Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a-day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets, round the heap
Crowding and bustling, in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust : then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous muse, and sit amongst the stars !
There sing the soul that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state
Just to herself : how nobly she maintains
Her character, superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were born but to obey.

This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain ; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly : he hath no desire
To read his secret fate ; yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming or its frightful shapes.

He that unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well.

He, though the Atlantic and the midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain,
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And clouds and stars and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life—unhurt, unmoved—
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then, from the lofty castle of his mind,
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation; (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds;) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst its native rubbish: whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heaven, th' unruinable sky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat, with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land
And I'll be happy : thus I'll leap ashore,
Joyful and fearless, on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

TO THE REV. MR. BENONI ROWE.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide
Through life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase ; and wandering wide
We miss the immortal good ;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same :
Drest in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reason never leads the dance,
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray ;
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance :
Wisdom retires ; she hates the crowd,
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude
Have e'er a passage worn.

Mere hazard first began the track,
Where custom leads her thousands blind,
In willing chains and strong ;
There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,
Dares tread the fatal error back ;
But hand in hand ourselves we bind,
And drag the age along.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood
In rapid order roll :
Example makes the mischief good :
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's * friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind ; and in exalted rhyme
Bless the delivering power.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

GREAT man, permit the muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul ;
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men :
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain !

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good ;
Thus, like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
'Twould be employed to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires,
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy ;
How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng :
“ Knowledge and love make spirits blest,
Knowledge their food, and love their rest ;”
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
And music of thy tongue.

Then let the worms of groveling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind
In restless windings roam ;
Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where, love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heaven at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better pow'rs ;
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes and chilling fears,
If (where no sovereign cure appears)
No opiates could be found ?

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
Is a deceitful good :
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the flood :
Then fond to be entirely blest,
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud :

Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
 O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
 Of pain, to tease the heart, and sorrow for the eyes,
 The golden bliss that charm'd her sight
 Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost :
 A spark, or glimmering streak at most,
 Shines here and there, amidst the night,
 Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the sad surprise,
 Doris awakes at last,
 Grown, by the disappointment, wise ;
 And manages with art th' unlucky cast ;
 When the low'ring frown she spies
 On her haughty tyrant's brow,
 With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
 And makes her sovereign beauty bow ;
 Cheerful she smiles upon his grisly form ;
 So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
 And paints a rainbow on the storm.
 Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
 And with a virtuous book or friend,
 Beguiles th' uneasy hours :
 Well-colouring every cross she meets,
 With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
 She spreads her board with fancied sweets,
 And strews her bed with flow'rs.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON, amongst his travels, found
 A broken statue on the ground :
 And searching onward as he went
 He trac'd a ruin'd monument.

Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
 The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
 Yet ere he pass'd, with much ado,
 He guess'd, and spell'd out, SCI-PI-O.

“ Enough,” he cried, “ I’ll drudge no more
 In turning the dull stoics o’er ;
 Let pedants waste their hours of ease
 To sweat all night at Socrates ;
 And feed their boys with notes and rules,
 Those tedious recipes of schools,
 To cure ambition : I can learn
 With greater ease the great concern
 Of mortals ; how we may despise
 All the gay things below the skies.

“ Methinks a mould’ring pyramid
 Says all that the old sages said ;
 For me these shatter’d tombs contain
 More morals than the Vatican.
 The dust of heroes cast abroad,
 And kick’d and trampled in the road,
 The relics of a lofty mind,
 That lately wars and crowns design’d,
 Tost for a jest from wind to wind,
 Bid me be humble, and forbear
 Tall monuments of fame to rear,
 They are but castles in the air.
 The tow’ring heights, and frightful falls,
 The ruin’d heaps, and funerals,
 Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
 Tell me a thousand mournful things
 In melancholy silence . . . He
 That living could not bear to see
 An equal, now lies torn and dead ;
 Here his pale trunk, and there his head :

Great Pompey ! while I meditate,
 With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
 Thy carcass, scatter'd on the shore
 Without a name, instructs me more
 Than my whole library before.

“ Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
 And you, good Seneca, may keep
 Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
 I have no further use for you :
 For when I feel my virtue fall,
 And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
 I'll take a turn among the tombs,
 And see whereto all glory comes :
 There the vile foot of every clown
 Tramples the sons of honour down ;
 Beggars with awful ashes sport,
 And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.”

FREEDOM.

1697.

“ TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
 With the gay slaveries of a court :
 I've an aversion to those charms,
 And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
 Go, vassal souls, go, cringe and wait,
 And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
 Then run in troops before him to compose his state :
 Move as he moves, and when he loiters, stand :
 Shadows that wait on his command.
 Bend when he speaks, and kiss the ground :
 Go, catch th' impertinence of sound ;

Adore the follies of the great ;
 Wait till he smiles ; but lo ! the idol frown'd,
 And drove them to their fate.

“ Thus base-born minds : but as for me,
 I can and will be free :
 Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
 My soul grows firm upright,
 And as I stand, and as I go,
 It keeps my body so ;
 No, I can never part with my creation-right.
 Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
 I cannot make this iron knee
 Bend to a meaner power than that which formed it free.”

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
 Pindarical ; then on a branchy shade
 I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
 Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
 Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.
 Sudden rose a whirling wind
 Swelling like Honorio proud,
 Around the straws and feathers crowd,
 Types of a slavish mind ;
 Upwards the stormy forces rise,
 The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
 And as the tempest fell th' obedient vapours sunk :
 Again it roars with bellowing sound,
 The meaner plants that grew around,
 The willow and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the ground.
 Hard by there stood the iron trunk
 Of an old oak, and all the storm defied ;
 In vain the winds their forces tried,
 In vain they roar'd ; the iron oak
 Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What, to-morrow, fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possessed myself to-day:
Then, if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here, on all the shining boughs,
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;

Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth ;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste ;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love :
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise ;
Now, upon some shining top,
Angels light, and call me up ;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more,
Earth hath no resemblance for ;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul :
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own ;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are ;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age ;
Harts or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half-way o'er
In ten thousand days or more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loath to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores—
Narrow shores of flesh and sense
Picking shells and pebbles thence :
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her ;

Foreign visits still receiving,
And to herself a stranger living.
Never, never, would she buy
Indian dust or Tyrian dye;
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store:
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

THE COMPLAINT.

'Twas in a vale where osiers grow
By murm'ring streams we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares:
Friendship sat pleased in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dewa arise,
And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still sick'ning, and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels:

Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cried,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our darken'd souls behind ;
In the young morning of our years
Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And choke the lab'ring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New-bright'ning all the skies :
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suns arise ?

In vain are potent herbs applied,
Harmonious sounds in vain have tried
To make the darkness fly :
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon
When fainting in the sky. *

Some friendly spirit from above,
Born of the light, and nurst with love,
Assist our feeble fires ;
Force these invading glooms away ;
Souls should be seen quite through their clay,
Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

* An allusion to the well known accounts given by travellers, of the superstitious ceremonies, practised by uncivilized nations with the design of assisting the heavenly bodies, when labouring under eclipse.—ED.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,
Release the prisoner-mind :
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large,
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN CUTS.

At the Siege of Namur.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

" O WHY is man so thoughtless grown ?
Why guilty souls in haste to die ?
Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

" Are lives but worth a soldier's pay ?
Why will ye join such wide extremes,
And stake immortal souls, in play
At desperate chance, and bloody games ?

" Valour 's a nobler turn of thought,
Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears :
Calmly she meets the deadly shot,
Secure of life above the stars.

" But frenzy dares eternal fate,
And spurr'd with honour's airy dreams,

Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
And force a passage to the flames."

Thus hov'ring o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heav'nly love in Gabriel's form,
Young Thraso felt the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls ;
" Vows are but wind," the hero cries :
Then swears by heav'n, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs and dies.

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

AGAINST TEARS.

1699.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good,
To wash our mortal cares away ;
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain,)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear :
I'd barter all but what's divine :
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas ! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe ;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on :
In vain our miseries hope relief ;
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face :
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe :
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way

If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy :
On *Ætna's* top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
To improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like stolid souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen :

Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between,

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind ;
For love abhors the sight :
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

THE HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light, is Myron's soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :
In manly beauty shines his face ;
Every muse, and every grace,
Make his heart and tongue their seat,
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood scarce begun !
Behold his race of virtue run !
Behold the gaol of glory won !
Nor fame denies the merit, nor witholds the prize ;
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim :

The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's name.

" Airy bliss (the hero cried)
May feed the tympany of pride;
But healthy souls were never found
To live on emptiness and sound."

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours
Gather'd from the Indian coast;
Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast,
When Jove came down in golden show'ra.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say,
" Bliss is not made of glittering clay,"

Now pomp and grandeur court his head
With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread:
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards, and chariots at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait:
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall and now they rise,
Watch every motion of their lord,
Hand on his lips with most impatient zeal,
With swift ambition seize th' unfinish'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropt a tear, and pitied kings:

Then flying from the noisy throng,
Seeks the diversion of a song.

Music descending on a silent cloud,
Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
By slow degrees from soft to loud
Changing she rose : the harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love,
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best ;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
" In crowds of pleasure still I find
A painful solitude of mind.
A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
Hence, and begone, ye flatt'ring snares,
Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
Ye unperforming promisers !
Be all my baser passions dead,
And base desires by nature made
For animals and boys :
Man has a relish more refin'd,
Souls are for social bliss design'd,
GIVE me a blessing fit to match my mind,
A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys."

Myrrha appear'd : serene her soul
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :
In softer beauties shone her face ;
Every muse, and every grace,

Made her heart and tongue their seat,
 Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely sweet :
 Myrrha the wonder of his eyes :
 His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
 With joys unknown before :
 His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain
 Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
 And could endure no more.
 " Enough !" (th' impatient hero cries,)
 And seiz'd her to his breast,
 " I seek no more below the skies,
 I give my slaves the rest,"

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

An Answer to an infamous Satire, called, " Advice to a Painter ;" written by a nameless Author, against King William III. of glorious Memory, 1696.

SIR,

When you put this satire into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing ; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and your country. And since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

L. W.

PART I.

AND must the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand—
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? Must William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of Fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame!
Can your zeal sleep? Or are your passions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?
Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel flame;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O! could my thoughts but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep.
Trace him, Apelles! o'er the Belgian plain
Fierce: how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scattering just vengeance thro' the red campaign!
Then dash the canvass with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,

And say, 'twas thus the conqueror through the squadron
broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops : there, like a rock, he stood
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,
And his Maria weeping ; whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations and provokes his own :
But heav'n secures its champion : o'er the field
Paint hov'ring angels ; though they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
Then imitate the glory on the strand ;
Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint :
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace : and may they blow,
With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow.
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes : thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands——
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
- On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
And bless the piece ; these statutes are your own,
That sway the cottage, and direct the throne :
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.

Let liberty and right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,

Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
 Religion guards him ; round th' imperial queen
 Place waiting virtues, each of heav'nly mien :
 Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes ;
 The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise
 Dwell in his looks ; majestic, but serene ;
 Sweet, with no fondness ; cheerful, but not vain :
 Bright, without terror ; great, without disdain.
 His soul inspires us what his lips command,
 And spreads his brave example through the land :

Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
 Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye ;
 But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
 Are too divine, too vast to be express'd :
 Colours must fall where words and numbers faint,
 And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

TO THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. iv. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
 From wearisome anxiety :
 And the whole round of mortal joys
 With short possession tires and cloy :
 'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
 Just from the window to the bed,
 We rise to see, and to be seen,
 Gaze on the world awhile, and then
 We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
 But Fancy, that uneasy guest,

Still holds a longing in our breast :
She finds or frames vexation still,
Herself the greatest plague we feel.
We take great pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life
From peevish humours are not free ;
Still we affect variety :
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old track ; and still, and still
Rise red behind yon eastern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes :
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods ; a hermit saint !
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn ;
But humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart : She's hurried still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will :
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
By purling streams and silent groves,
Or with her furies, or her loves.

Then our native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;

Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;*
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move; for she can dwell
In her old grandsire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home.
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole,
Still she's at peace; for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shows
And makes her home where'er she goes.
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from east to west,
On the soft air; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

* Hor. Ep. i, 11.

TO SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

CASIMIRE, B. i. OD. 4, IMITATED.

Vive jucundæ metuens juvenatæ, &c.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say,
"Inglorious here he lies ;"
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By ev'ry hour that flies.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not ;
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slipp'ry sphere ;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas ! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows !

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream ;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream :
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,

Falsely her left conveys away
 And shuffles in our woes.
 So have I seen a mother play,
 And cheat her silly child,
 She gave and took a toy away,
 The infant cried and smiled.

Airy chance, and iron fate
 Hurry and vex our mortal state,
 And all the race of ills create;
 Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
 Commands the reins of human life,
 The wheels impetuous roll:
 The harness'd hours and minutes strive,
 And days with stretching pinions drive
 Down fiercely on the goal.

Not half so fast the galley flies
 O'er the Venetian sea,
 When sails and oars and lab'ring skies
 Contend to make her way.
 Swift wings for all the flying hours
 The God of time prepares,
 The rest lie still yet in their nest,
 And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

CASIMIRE, BOOK IV. ODE 12, IMITATED.

Quid me latentem, &c.

THE noisy world complains of me
 That I should shun their sight, and flee
 Visits and crowds and company.

Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
 Till she ascends the skies ;
 And in my closet I could rest
 Till to the heavens I rise.

Yet they will urge, " This private life
 Can never make you blest,
 And twenty doors are still at strife
 To engage you for a guest."
 Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
 Spread open their inviting gates
 To make my entertainment gay,
 I would obey the royal call,
 But short should be my stay,
 Since a diviner service waits
 To employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

When I within myself retreat,
 I shut my doors against the great ;
 My busy eye-balls inward roll,
 And there with large survey I see
 All the wide theatre of me,
 And view the various scenes of my retiring soul ;
 There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
 While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
 Whether this opera of life
 Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

There's a day hast'ning, ('tis an awful day !)
 When the great Sovereign shall at large review
 All that we speak, and all we do,
 The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay :
 Oh ! if the Judge from his tremendous seat
 Shall not condemn what I have done,
 I shall be happy, though unknown,
 Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath and empty sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till envy shoots, and fame receives the wound!
Then her flagging pinions fall,
Down glory falls and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone,
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston, I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of power;
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure but in a close retreat.
While she withdraws from public praise,
Envy, perhaps, would cease to rail—
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil:
But if she once advance to light,
Her charms are lost in envy's sight,
And virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth : but you will quickly discover that the Muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love and the social life. In the second, perhaps, she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself is now permitted to entertain the world ; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

PART I.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE's a long tragedy : the globe the stage,
 Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
 Gay fields and skies and seas : the actors many :
 The plot immense : a flight of demons sit
 On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose,
 And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows

Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate. Lo, she glides
Single through all the storm, and more secure :
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. " But, O my lov'd Marilla,
My'mister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries,)
How much art thou expos'd ! Thy growing soul
Doubled in wedlock, multiplied in children,
Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage :
Children, those dear young limbs—those tend'rest pieces
Of your own flesh—those little other selves—
How they they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
And soften every fibre to improve
The mother's sad capacity of pain !
I mourn Fidello, too, though Heav'n has chose
A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
The pride and flower : how blest the lovely pair,
Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves
And woes well mingled could improve our bliss !
Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
The father and the husband, flattering names,
That spread his title, and enlarge his share
Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
To multiply his joys, but every hour
Renews the disappointment and the smart.
There's not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
Of his fair partner, or her infant train,
(Sweet babes !) but pierces to his inmost soul.
Strange is thy power, O love ! what numerous veins
And arteries and arms and hands and eyes

Are linked and fastened to a lover's heart
By strong but secret strings ! with vain attempt
We put the stoke on, in vain we try
To break the ties of nature and of blood—
Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion
Inviolably firm : their thrilling motions
Reciprocal give endless sympathy
In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
Thrice happy man, if Pleasure only knew
These avenues of love to reach our souls,
And Pain had never found them !”

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipp'd in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on—dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sate on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow, and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy : but thy own cares, of softer kind,
Give sharper wounds—they lodge too near the heart,
Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense—a tempting pain.

Say, my companion, Mitto, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now,) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved ! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes

Twinkles in vain: the region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell me what toll, what torment to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond enquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe: Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancied death—
Then dies my Mitlo, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' every vein. Speak, does the stranger Muse
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
Or has she fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd,
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they buried here,
In friendship and oblivion, lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely death
Shall make wide inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul
Is torn away piecemeal: thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
Survive, and, in the sweetest saddest state
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove

He leaves behind to mourn ! What jealous cares
 Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
 Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
 Of savage men ! So parts the dying turtle,
 With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
 Leaves his kind feather'd mate : the widow bird
 Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
 Forgets her life ; or falls a speedier prey
 To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
 Of hawks athirst for blood.-----

PART II.

THE BRIGHT VISION.

THUS far the Muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
 And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
 Indulg'd a gloom of thought : and thus she sang
 Partial, for Melancholy's hateful form
 Stood by in sable robe : the pensive muse
 Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
 Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
 In the fair world of love ; but while she gaz'd
 Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
 United, bless'd, the cruel shade applied
 A dark long tube, and a false-tinctur'd glass
 Deceitful ; blending love and life at once
 In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
 Of misery : now Urania feels the cheat,
 And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
 Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo !
 The scene shines bright with bliss : behold the place
 Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
 With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,

Nor malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station
To act thy part of life, serene and blest,
With thy fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership ! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair !)
For sin and shame, and this vast wilderness
Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing muse new-dresses the fair garden
Amid this desert-world, with budding bliss,
And evergreens and balms and flow'ry beauties,
Without one dangerous tree : there heavenly dew,
Nightly descending, shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage ; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires ; the spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and, through the air diffus'd,
Salute your waking senses with perfume ;
While vital fruits, with their ambrosial juice,
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint ; and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay.
On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day,
With flames unsullied, (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen,) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
Full orb'd, (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem,) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony ! hark ! through the grove
I hear the sound divine ! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy—unknown delight !
And the fair muse proclaims the heav'n below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men : again returning
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo ! at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go, taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heaven : (so Milton sings, enlighten'd bard !
Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high favour'd :) thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue ;
And with soft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus, with divine discourse, in shady bowers
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve, his sole auditress ; and deep dispute,
With conjugal caresses on her lip,
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strew'd :
But high their conference ! how self-suffic'd
Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around

With glories, arm'd with thunders, and his throne
 Mortal access forbids, projecting far
 Splendours unsufferable, and radiant death.
 With reverence and abasement deep they fall
 Before his sovereign Majesty, to pay
 Due worship: then his mercy on their souls
 Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still;
 And leads their meditation and discourse
 Long ages backward, and across the seas
 To Bethlehem of Judah: there the Son,
 The filial Godhead, character express
 Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
 His beamy robes, and made descent to earth;
 Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
 A second father, studious to regain
 Lost Paradise for men, and purchase heav'n.

The lovers, with endearment mutual, thus
 Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
 His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
 Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
 On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
 Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
 She sang the infant God, (mysterious theme!)
 "How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
 The ox and ass his mean companions—there,
 In habit vile, the shepherds flock around,
 Saluting the great mother, and adore
 Israel's anointed King, the appointed heir
 Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
 Beneath his regal state; for thee, my Mitto,
 Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
 Minist'ring round their charge with folded wings,
 Obsequious, though unseen; while lightsome hours
 Fulfill'd the day, and the grey evening rose.
 Then the fair guardians, hov'ring o'er his head

Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
 And with their fanning pinions purge the air
 From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
 And impure taint : while their ambrosial plumes
 A dewy slumber on his senses shed.

Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung
 Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
 And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
 Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
 Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
 Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
 Smiles in the east, with eyelids opening fair,
 But not so fair as thine ; O I could fold thee,
 My young Almighty, my Creator-babe,
 For ever in these arms ! for ever dwell
 Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
 And every pulse shall beat seraphic love !
 Around my seat should crowding cherubs come
 With swift ambition, zealous to attend
 Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the sky."

" Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
 Of female fondness, and forgive the man
 That interrupts such melting harmony !"
 Thus Mitio,—and awakes her nobler powers
 To pay just worship to the sacred King,
 Jesus, the God : nor with devotion pure
 Mix the caresses of her softer sex ;
 (Vain blandishment !) " Come, turn thine eyes aside
 From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful steep
 Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls
 Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.
 Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
 Of her Redeemer, panting up the hill
 Hard burden'd ? Can thy heart attend his cross ?
 Nall'd to the cruel wood he groans, he dies,

For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine
 (Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour groans,
 And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
 Adoring angels pry with bending head,
 Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
 This infinite design. Here peace is made
 'Twixt God the Sovereign and the rebel man;
 Here Satan, overthrown with all his hosts,
 In second ruin rages and despairs:
 Malice itself despairs. The captive prey,
 Long held in slavery, hopes a sweet release,
 And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive,
 Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair disciple heard—her passions move
 Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
 Refin'd devotion; while new smiles of love
 Repay her teacher. Both, with bended knees,
 Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
 Brought down to men, seal'd by the sacred Three
 In heav'n, and seal'd on earth with God's own blood.
 Here they unite their names again, and sign
 Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blest co-heirs
 Celestial! ye shall grow to manly age,
 And, spite of earth and hell, in season due
 Possess the fair inheritance above.)
 With joyous admiration they survey
 The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
 By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
 And unconceiv'd by thought: riches divine
 And honours which the Almighty Father God
 Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
 High treasurer of heaven. The Son bestows
 The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
 On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
 His name. "Then, my Charissa, all is thine!"

" And thine, my Mitio!" the fair saint replies:
 " Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
 And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
 And past, and present, for our interest stands
 Firm in our mystic Head, the title sure.
 'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment (while
 We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful earth
 Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
 Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
 For us this cheerful sun and cheerful light
 Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
 Hangs, a rich canopy, above our heads,
 Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
 Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
 For us time wears his wings out—nature keeps
 Her wheels in motion—and her fabric stands.
 Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight
 Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
 Awaits us, where the saints unbodied live.
 Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin:
 Thither our hearts, with most incessant wish,
 Panting aspire,—when shall that dearest hour
 Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
 Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home?"

O blest connubial state! O happy pair!
 Envied by yet unsociated souls
 Who seek their faithful twins! your pleasures
 Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
 Fervent as the bright noon, serenely calm
 As summer evenings. The vile sons of earth
 Grovelling in dust, with all their noisy jars,
 Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
 Than barking animals affright the moon
 Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
 Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign

O'er all your passions with unrivall'd sway
 Mutual and everlasting : friendship knows
 No property in good, but all things common
 That each possesses, as the light or air
 In which we breathe and live : there's not one thought
 Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
 But every passage open as the day
 To one another's breast and inmost mind.
 Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
 Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow,
 Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely glow.

PART III.

THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

SHOULD sovereign love before me stand,
 With all his train of pomp and state,
 And bid the daring muse relate
 His comforts and his cares ;
 Mitio, I would not ask the sand
 For metaphors t' express their weight,
 Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
 Thy cares and comforts, sovereign love,
 Vastly outweigh the sand below,
 And to a larger audit grow
 Than all the stars above.
 Thy mighty losses and thy gains
 Are their own mutual measures ;
 Only the man that knows thy pains
 Can reckon up thy pleasures.

Say, Damon, say how bright the scene,
 Damon is half-divinely blest,

Leaning his head on his Florella's breast
Without a jealous thought or busy care between :
They the sweet passions mix and share :
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstasy ;
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy ?
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or sporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindest thoughts engage :
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age !

But short is earthly bliss ! the changing wind
Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
Relentless death sits close behind :
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans salute his ears,
Through ev'ry vein the thrilling torments roll ;
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear nurseries of life,
Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.
The pleasing sense of love awhile,
Mixt with the heart-ache, may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight :
Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes,
Darkling and solitary, waits the slow-returning light.

Here, then, let my ambition rest,
May I be moderately blest

When I the laws of love obey :
 Let but my pleasure and my pain
 In equal balance ever reign,
 Or mount by turns and sink again,
 And share just measures of alternate sway.
 So Damon lives, and ne'er complains ;
 Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
 On this dull stage of clay :
 The tribes beneath the northern bear
 Submit to darkness half the year,
 Since half the year is day.

EPISTOLA.

Fratri suo dilecto R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande frater accepi literas, eodem fortasse momento, quo mee ad te pervenerunt ; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamus ; non inane est inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos inthes animat, agitque, et concordes in ambobus efficit motus. O utinam crescat indies, et vigescat mutua charitas ! Faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat et defacet pectora, tuncet enim et alternus, puræ amicitie flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus ; contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cœleste illud, et adorandum exemplar charitatis.

QUI quondam æthero delapsus ab æthere vultus
 Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
 (Heu miseræ) sufferre vices ; sponsoris oblit
 Munera, et in æse Tabula maledicta minacis
 Transtulit, et sceleris poenas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
 Integer, innocuus versus sua sidera palmas
 Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patriæ
 Amplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictu
 Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
 Numinis armati. "Pater, hic infige* sagittas:
 Hæc," ait, "iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum,
 Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis."

Dixit, et horrendum fremuere tonitrua cœli
 Infensusque Deus, (quem jam posuisse paternum
 Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores
 Ad tantos pavefacta silet.) Jam disillit æther,
 Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat
 Ira, et poenarum thesauros mille coerces,
 Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
 Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
 In caput immeritum; dito hic sub pondere pressus
 Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus
 Purpureo † vestes tinctas sudore madescunt.
 Nec tamen infando Vindex regina labori
 Segnius incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
 Acriter, et somno languentem suscitât ‡ ensem:
 "Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro
 Flumine mucronem; vos hinc, mea spicula, latè
 Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum
 Immeusum tolerare valet, ad pondera poenæ—
 Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola NUMEN.
 Et ut sacra decas legum, violata tabella,
 Ebibe vindictam, vastâ satlabere cœde;
 Mortalis culpæ penaabit dedecus ingens
 Permistus Deitate cruor."—————

Sic fata, immitti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
 Dilanlatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis

* Job. iv. 6. † Luke, xxii. 44. ‡ Zech. xiii. 7.

Panduntur ; sævis avidus dolor involat alis,
 Atque audax mentem scrutator, et illa mordet.
 Interea Servator * ovat, victorque doloris
 Eminent, illustri † perfusus membra cruore,
 Explicatque miser fieri ; nam fortius illum
 Urget patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas
 Servandi miseros sotes. O nobilis ardor
 Pœnarum ! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
 Durus amor ! Quid non celestia ?———

At subibat phantasia, vanescant imagines—nescio quo
 me proripuit amens Mnæ : volui quatuor lineas pedibus
 astringere, et ecce ! numeri crescunt in immensum, dum-
 que concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis im-
 petus theologiam læserit, et audax nimis imaginatio.
 Plura è volui, sed targidi et crescentes versûs noluisse
 plura, et coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale, amice
 frater, et in studio pietatis et artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

Datum Londini xvto Calend. Febr.

Anno Salutis MDCCCXIII.

FRATRI E. W. OLIM NAVIGATURO,

Sept. 30, 1691.

I, FELIX, pede prospero,
 I frater, trabe pineâ
 Sulces sequora coerula
 Pandas carbasa flatibus
 Quæ tutò reditura sint.
 Non te monstra natantia

* Col. ii. 15.

† Luke, xxii. 24,

Ponti carnivore incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.

Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roborem latus:
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; et sephyræ leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.

Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceanî regis,
Et æream Boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

VOTUM, SEU VITA IN TERRIS BEATA.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, BART.

1702.

HARTOPPI, eximio stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenti divite, si roges
Quem mea Musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et amplius,
Et similes superis annos agit,

Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.
Hunc longè a curis mortalibus
Inter agros sylvasque silentes,
Se musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt et recumbens.

Non sus vulgi favor insolentis
(Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriât licèt æthera clamor,
Nec gaza flammeans divitis Indis
Nec, Tæge, vestris fulgor arenulæ
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
Ad læquear radiantis aulae.

O si daretur stamina proprii
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum ;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo,
Non Tyriâ vitata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa mææ.
Longè à triumphis, et sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies :
Abstete fasces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstete, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet byssa et fremitu molesto
Turba mercantum ; gratius alvear
Emulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia ; lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes,
Eminus in tuto à lingua——

Blandimenta artis simul sequus odi.

Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis

Verba ; prohi mores ! et inane sacri

Nomen amici !

Tuque, quæ nostris inimica munda
Felle sacratum vitas amorem,
Absis æturnum, diva libidinis,

Et pharetrate puer !

Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longius avola !

Nil mihi cum foedis, pæor, ignibus ;

Æthereâ fervent face pectora,

Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,

Et Juvenis Jæssæus amor mihi.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra

Jæssæa) lætis auribus insonet,

Nec Watsonis è medullis

Ulla dios rapiet vel ghora :

Sacri libelli, delicæ meæ,

Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,

Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,

Et fallite tædia vestra.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SACRED

TO

The Memory of the Dead.

BOOK III.

SACRED
TO
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON
KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,
OF GLORIOUS MEMORY, WHO DIED MARCH 8, 1701.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb
Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolat thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British isle,
Weeping, commits her richest du y.

Ye gentlest ministers of fate
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand:
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of paint and verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave Religion set
In solemn guise; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair Liberty, in sables drest,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
William, the scourge of tyrants past,
And awe of princes yet unborn.

Sweet Peace his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe;
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary truth inspires the song:
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forked tongue.

Night and the grave, remove your gloom;
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead,
But glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory, with all her lamps, shall burn,
 And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
 Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
 To aid the triumphs of the day.

EPITAPHIUM VIRI VENERABILIS

DOM. N. MATHER,

Carminè Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

REVERENDI ADMODUM VIRI

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum est:
 Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,
 Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit
 Sanctioribus studiis et evangelio devotâ,
 Et per utramque Angliam celebri;
 Americanum se, atque Europæum.
 Et hic quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
 Non fallacem:
 Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
 Doctum et docentem.
 Corpore fuit procerò, formâ placidè verendâ;
 At supra corpus et formam sublimè eminuerunt
 Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio:
 Supra hæc pietas, et (si fas dicere)
 Supra pietatem modestia
 Cæteras enim dotes obrumbravit.

Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatæ mentis spectmina
Præstantiora eddidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus :
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit ;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet !
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invito obruit silentio.
Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ facie !
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum :
Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce ;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat ;
Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum majestas, et Deus præsens.
Hinc arma militis suis non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas,
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis implorum animis infigere
Altum et salutare vulnus ;
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio :
Spirabat ipse undique coelestes suavitates,
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recens delibutus,
Et semper supra socios ;
Gratumque dilectissimæ sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversus et latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,

Ærumnæque heu quam amidue !
 Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
 Varias curarum moles pertulit,
 Et in stadio et in metâ vitæ :
 Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
 Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
 Properè et exultim attigit.
 Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20^o Martii, 1630.
 Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
 Pastorali munere diu Dublini in Hiberniâ functus,
 Tandem (ut semper) providentiam secutus ducem,
 Coetui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
 Quos doctrinâ, precibus, et vitâ beavit :
 Ah brevi !
 Corpore solutus 26^o Julii, 1697, ætat. 67,
 Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit,
 Probis piisque omnibus
 Infandum sui desiderium ;
 Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit
 Expectans stellam matutinam.

ON THE

SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

HARK ! she bids all her friends adieu ;
 Some angel calls her to the spheres ;
 Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
 Through liquid telescopes of tears.
 Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,
 Till we shall meet again above,
 In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
 And trees of life bear fruits of love :

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

Come, Sovereign Lord, dear Saviour, come !
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home ;
That golden hour, how long it stays !

How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While saints around us take their flight ?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb !
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT ON

MRS. ANNE WARNER,

Who died of the Small-pox, Dec. 18, 1707, a few days
after the birth and death of her first child.

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Venera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing, for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrol
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And Paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss
So fair a spirit,) say, beneath what shade
Of amaranth, or cheerful evergreen
She sits, recounting to her kindred minds,
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderness:
By what divine protection she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls;) but heaven secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child,

That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
 From our dim regions to th' eternal sun,
 And led the parent's way to glory ! there
 Thou art for ever her's, with powers enlarg'd
 For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
 Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
 And sing her welcome. She, along their seats
 Gliding, salutes them all with honours due,
 Such as are paid in heaven : and last she finds
 A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
 But vacant : This (with sure presage, she cries)
 Awaits my father ; when will he arrive ?
 How long, alas, how long ! (Then calls her mate)
 Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
 Die, and partake my bliss—we are for ever one.

Ah me ! where roves my fancy ? what kind dreams
 Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind !
 Perhaps illusions all : inform me, muse,
 Chooses she rather to retire apart
 To recollect her dissipated powers,
 And call her thoughts her own ; so lately freed
 From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
 From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
 And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death ?
 Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
 In contemplation, with unerring clue
 Infinite truth pursuing. When, my soul,
 O when shall thy release from cumb'rous flesh
 Pass the great seal of heaven ? What happy hour
 Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
 The intellectual world ? divine delight !
 Venera's lov'd employ ! Perhaps she sings
 To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,

The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown :
Oh, could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them !—

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelmed, and self-abasement at the sight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face !
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems, but vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd,
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight !
I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness ; tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease,
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
So sweet a structure ! the impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust !

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue ? this the face
Where love triumph'd ? and beauty on these cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes,
Was seated to advantage—mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light ? so sits the sun
(Fair eye of heav'n !) upon a crimson cloud

Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
 Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
 Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
 Involve the golden star, and sink him down
 Oppress'd with darkness.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED AND HONOURED

RELATIVE, MRS. M. W.

July 13, 1693.

I KNOW the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she !
 Among the heav'nly forms I see
 The kindred-mind from fleshly bondage free ;
 O how unlike the thing was lately seen
 Groaning and panting on the bed,
 With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
 Life on this side, there the dead,
 While the delaying flesh lay shivering between.

Long did the earthly house restrain
 In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest ;
 Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
 And twisted cramps and aches within her chain :
 Till, by the weight of numerous days oppress,
 The earthly house began to reel,
 The pillars trembled, and the building fell ;
 The captive soul became her own again :
 Tired with the sorrows and the cares,
 A tedious train of four-score years,
 The pris'ner smil'd to be releas'd,
 She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew ;
Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe,
That hang around thy memory and becloud it so.
Come, fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
With youthful green, and spotless white :
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a shade ;
All things above of varied light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid.
But if the features too divine
Beyond the power of fancy shine,
Conceal the inimitable strokes behind a graceful shrine.

Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet ;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree.
Paint the new graces of her eyes ;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet ;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.

'Tis done ! What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original !

'Tis done ! The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ABNEY,

LADY-MAYORESS OF LONDON.

July, 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow ; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved, indeed, to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse ; but the importunity was not to be resisted ; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington, nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find, throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself gave all the turns of mourning to my thoughts, for I pursue no other topic of elegy than what my passion and my senses lead me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other; it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects, divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse: my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: and I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to the deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss; but I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints. I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself, for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief

purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered by,

Madam,

Your ladyship's most hearty and obedient Servant,
I. WATTS.

A FUNERAL POEM,

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY HONOURED FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Who died November 11, 1700, when he had just finished
his seat at Newington.

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys
Sing, heavenly Muse. Try thy ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,
Gunston the friend is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,
And plunge the fallen joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
 To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd !
 There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
 Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
 That peace and plenty bring, while numerous years,
 Circling delightful, play'd around the spheres :
 Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
 And draw the common thread to an unusual length,
 But hasty Fate thrusts her dread shears between,
 Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
 Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
 And spreads false images in fair disguise
 To allure our souls, till just within our arms
 The vision dies, and all the painted charms
 Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
 Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
 Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
 Solid and lasting : there a numerous train
 Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
 While nations perish, and long ages run,
 Nations unborn, and ages unbegun :
 Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
 Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
 How fond our fancies are ! the founder dies
 Childless ; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
 And wait upon his hearse with never-ceasing cries.
 Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
 While weighty sorrow nods on every plume ;
 A thousand groans his dear remains convey
 To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
 His country's sacred tears well-watering all the way.
 See the dull wheels roll on the sable load,
 But no dear son to tread the mournful road,
 And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,

The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play,
Wanton about the painted hall, and say,
This was my father's, with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend : but awful fate
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building, then, this costly frame
Stand here for strangers ? Must some unknown name
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend ?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end ?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay ?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away ?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight ;
And mingled shades, wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet contrast to the charming piece ;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous : earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,
" How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave !"

Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns ;
The pillars languish ; and each lofty wall,
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall
In drops of briny dew ; the fabric bears
His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and square it rises from below :

A noble air, without a gaudy show,
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the bullder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best-lov'd name !
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sunbeams off.
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the grey twilight, and the early dawn ;
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,
Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts ! substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief ;
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every prospect courts a wound ;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise ;
My wand'ring feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to soothe my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear :
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I and my grief and my Urania there :
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone,
Gilding the roof ; then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day :
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head

From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again; but endless night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunston lies—
He's set for ever, and must never rise.
Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding the evening and the morning hours.
In vain it bounds them; while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's face.
Yet Nature's wheels will on without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly bears walk round and watch the pole.

See, while I speak, high on her sable wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the eastern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold
How their brown pinions, edg'd with evening gold,
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away,
Slowly pursuing the declining day;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies;
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah, fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret! just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!

Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
When, weary of the noisy town, my friend,
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone would sit
Free and secure of all intruding feet ;
Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings, and rise,
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies ;
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
Built high in heaven for souls : we'd trace the streets
Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains yield.
Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode ;
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' Almighty seat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight—
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound ;
Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
At swelling glory ; straight the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish as the man awakes ;

Then the tall titles, insolent and proud,
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing : still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child :
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul !
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hold the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To fav'rite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heaven bestow'd with liberal hand :
Hence this fair structure rose ; and hence this seat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet :
In vain 'twas made ! for we shall never meet,
And smile and love and bless each other here ;
The envious tomb forbids thee to appear,
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie buried where my Gunston lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know
The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe ;
Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound ;

Ye frightened nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,
Come, in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eye-lids and disordered hair,
Death in your looks—come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt a parting stroke: 'tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
O infinite distress! such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods, and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound;
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows and declare your own.
Alas! your lord is dead! the humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again.
Mourn, ye gay, smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintry robes, instead of youthful green;
And bid the brook, that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither, methinks, the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul with mine.

Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn,
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn :
Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears :
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds ; thus it becomes your age
To show your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green ;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay :
Here Friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway :
Hither our souls their constant offerings brought,
The burdens of the breast, and labours of the thought
Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care ; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own ;
Then, with an equal hand and honest soul,
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
And all the passions there through both our bosoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship ! mysterious thing ! what magic pow'rs
Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours ?
Bound to thy foot, we boast our birthright still,
And dream of freedom when we've lost our will,
And chang'd away our souls : at thy command
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours ; and, thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own :
As though our mother Nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out the store.
Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,

Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death dissolves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought ! the raving muse,
Wild and despairing, knows not what she does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy votress, too, and at thy shrine,
O sacred Friendship, offer'd songs divine,
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine.
Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind !
And sweet the aids of sense ! Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting through the trees ;
The linnæ and the lark their vespers sung,
And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung !
The slow-declining sun, with sloping wheels,
Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinished gates,
Ye green enclosures, and ye growing sweets,
Lament, for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire,
Kindling our breasts, did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal ; then our zeal
Blas'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls
In rapture and embraces. Oh, forbear !
Forbear, my song ! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat, such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever !——

Oh, for a general grief! let all things share
Our woes that knew our loves; the neighbouring air
Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales that every breath that flies
Over the fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep, all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep; this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heavenly breath
That could speak life lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again
Once more at least, one gentle word; and then
Gunston aloud I call: in vain I cry
Gunston aloud, for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wand'ring, I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves;
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them not:
He hath forgot me. In the lonesome vault,
Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay.——

Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high:
The winds salute it, whistling as they fly,

Or jarring round the windows ; rattling showers
Lash the fair sides ; above, loud thunder roars :
But still the master sleeps ; nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise :
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it thence.

One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand. See through the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon ;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night ;
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor, with diffusive beams,
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars ;
" So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
" We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
We heard thy grief shriek out, ' He dies, he dies !'
Mistaken grief ! to call the flesh the friend !
On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love,
And sung his welcome to the courts above.
Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
The buildings struck him with immense surprise ;
The spires all radiant, and the mansions bright,
The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light :
Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat
In heavenly diamond ; and for every gate
On golden hinges a broad ruby turns ;
Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns ;
Millions of glories reign through every part ;
Infinite power and uncreated art

Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
 How it outshines the noblest seats below.
 The stranger fed his gazing powers awhile,
 Transported ; then, with a regardless smile,
 Glanc'd his eye downward through the crystal floor,
 And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain ;
 Raphael commands : assume thy joys again :
 In everlasting numbers sing, and say,
 " Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day ;
 Gunston the friend lives still : and give thy groans away."

AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. THOMAS GOUGE,*

Who died January 8, 1700.

Ye virgin souls, whose sweet complaint †
 Could teach Euphrates not to flow, ‡
 Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,
 Array'd in beauty and in woe ;
 Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn,
 And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's urn.
 O could my lips or flowing eyes
 But imitate such charming grief,

* A divine of great reputation in his time. He held the living of St. Sepulchre's, London, during many years, but resigned it on the passing of the Act of Uniformity.

† Psalm cxxxvii.

‡ Lament. i. 2, 3.

I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,
Wallings and sobs and sympathies ;
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf ;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourned in melody and tears.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath :
He came, commission'd, for the fates
Of awful Mead, and charming Bates :
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge to dust.

Great Gouge to dust ! how doleful is the sound !
How vast the stroke is, and how wide the wound !
O painful stroke ! distressing death !
A wound unmeasurably wide !
No vulgar mortal died
When he resign'd his breath.
The muse that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at Gouge's funeral ;
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And, in deep sounding numbers, tell
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.

The reverend man let all things mourn :
Sure he was some ethereal mind,
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His soul was of th' angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and the mould the same,
When the Creator makes a minister of flame ;
He was all formed of heavenly things.

Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flaming wings.
How would he mount ! how would he fly !
Up through the ocean of the sky,
Toward the celestial coast !
With what amazing swiftness soar,
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost !
Scarce could the muse pursue him with her sight ;
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wondrous flight,
And knew the stranger well ;
Say, how he past the radiant spheres,
And visited your happy seats,
And traced the well-known turnings of the golden streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.

'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.

How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears,
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.

The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy, full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace.
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law,
In that majestic face.

That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With most profound abasement and exalted joy :
The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by ;
The volumes open'd to his eye ;
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own ;
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blasphemers shrink and fear ; *
Impudent tongues ! to blast a prophet's name ;
The poison, sure, was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame !
Impudent tongues ! you should be darted through,
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Useless and dead till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

“ We saw him, (said th' ethereal throng,)
We saw his warm devotions rise,
We heard the fervour of his cries,
And mix'd his praises with our song :
We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours :
Nightly he wak'd his inward powers ;
Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial towers,
To reach the blessing down for those that sought his blood.

* Though he was so great and good a man, he did not escape censure.

Oft we held the Thunderer's hand
 Rais'd high to crush the factious foe ;
 As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand,
 Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
 While his ascending prayer upheld the falling blow."

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
 My muse, and bring the holy man to sight,
 Place him surrounded as he stood,
 With pious crowds, while from his tongue
 A stream of harmony ran soft along,
 And every ear drank in the flowing good :
 Softly it ran its silver way,
 Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong ;
 Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
 Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
 Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent flood,
 And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts and souls
 to God.

O might we dwell for ever there !
 No more return to breathe this grosser air,
 This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care !

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight
 While we belong to clay,
 Passions of terror and delight
 Demand alternate sway.
 Behold the man whose awful voice
 Could well proclaim the fiery law,
 Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
 And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.
 He stands the herald of the threatening skies :
 Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,
 All Sinai's thunder on his tongue and lightning in his eyes.
 Round the high roof the curses flew,
 Distinguishing each gully head,
 Far from th' unequal war the atheist fled,

His kindled arrows still pursue,
His arrows strike the atheist through,
And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering horror spread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound :
 Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel
Shriek out, amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
 And dread the echoes of the sound.
 The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride, sinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, muse, assume a softer strain,
Now soothe the sinner's raging smart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the surging conscience and assuage the pain :
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the souls that guilt had slain,
And straight the dying rebel lives,
 The dead arise again :
The opening skies almost obey
His powerful song ; a heavenly ray
Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,
Recalls the scenes of ancient years,
 To make the Saviour known ;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguish of his cross and triumphs of his throne.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,
And sets the fatal tree before our eye :
See here celestial sorrow reigns ;
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.

Afresh the purple fountain flow'd ;
Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful sound
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' exj

Down to the mansions of the dead,
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue :
There the dear Prince of Light reclines hi
Darkness and shades among.
With pleasing horror we survey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs ;
The rising God ! he comes ! he comes !
With throngs of waking saints, a long tr

The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head ;
Dress'd in new light and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons and the shining globes,
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below ;
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal :
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command :
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out to hear
The embassies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue.
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
Attention stood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

But, O my everlasting grief !
Heav'n has recall'd his envoy from our eyes ;
Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
Nor hope the impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe,
Who feel the loss, come, share the smart,
And mix your groans with mine :
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language so divine ?
Our passions want the heavenly flame,

Almighty love breaths faintly in our songs,
And awful threat'nings languish on our tongues.

Howe is a great but single name;
Amidst the crowd he stands alone;
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone :
Eternal God ! command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay ;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day !
But when the flaming chariot 's come,
And shining guards to attend thy prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies.

THE END.

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